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The People's Press.

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The People's Press.

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By the Stream.

Sweet is the babbling water
Under my feet;
And dark are the boughs, and darker
Where shadows meet.
The birds in the shade are singing
As sang they in spring;
Their flight in rapture winging
While glad notes ring.
Brooklet and brown sweet water
Laughing in play;
Leaflets o'er leaflets hanging
Sunbeams that stray;
Flower-bells on moss that sparkle
Sweet as the spray;
Rocks where the waters darkle,
Eddy, and play.
What need the green trees waving,
Shadowy sweet;
What need the waters laving
Rocks at my feet;
What need the birds' sweet singing,
Note upon note;
What need the echoes thrilling,
Far as they float?
Only a kindred echo,
Sweeter than they;
Only a voice to answer
My voice to-day;
Only the eyes of a lover
To gaze in mine,
Here where the shadows hover,
In shade divine.
Think it is spring-time, dearest,
Just once again;
Think I am still the nearest
Your heart in name;
Think we are still together
As we have been,
And this is not autumn weather,
And I—your queen.

POTTRIDGE'S LUCK.

Mr. Thomas Pottridge, of Smallborough, had been renowned in his native town for his constant run of luck, so that at the age of forty he was reckoned the 'warmest' man there—an alderman who had been twice mayor of his city, a church-warden and a very popular character among the fair sex by reason of his being a bachelor. One or two things more only were wanted to complete his happiness—namely, a good wife, a nice little estate in the country and the honor of knighthood, Mr. Pottridge wished to become Sir Thos. Pottridge. Having long cherished this idea, and resolved, indeed, that he would not propose for the hand of pretty Miss Lucy Dott, the banker's daughter, until he could make her a ladyship, Mr. Pottridge ended by thinking that he could best secure his object by causing himself to be re-elected mayor and arranging, if possible, that H. R. H. the Prince of Wales should pay a visit to Smallborough during the term of his office. Intent upon the scheme Mr. Pottridge came up to town to call upon Lord Beaconsfield. Lord Beaconsfield hearkened kindly to the grocer's prayer. Smallborough was about to inaugurate some public baths, the first establishment of the kind ever seen in the town, and nothing could be more suitable than that the heir of the throne should preside over the ceremonial. 'Truly,' said the premier politely, when he had heard the alderman speak, 'the cleanliness of the people must always be a matter of interesting concern to those who are brought into relations with them. I shall be happy to take her majesty's commands on the—ahem!— public spirited proposal which you have laid before me.'

'If you manage it, my lord, I should be glad if the visit took place some time after the 9th of November next, for I shall be mayor then and able to see that the reception given is a proper one.'

"Ah, quite so!" answered Lord Beaconsfield, dropping his eyeglass, for he had studied Mr. Pottridge through it and knew the man by heart.

Leaving Whitehall, Mr. Pottridge sauntered toward Regent street, and as he walked along life seemed rosy because of Miss Dott. He began to stare into the shop windows, admiring pretty things, which he was tempted to buy for his love. He was turning over this fancy and fumbling wistfully at the pocket where his check-book lay, when suddenly he beheld through the window a curious sight. An elegantly-dressed lady was seated at the counter examining pieces of Brussels lace. The shopman averted his head for an instant, and she deftly whipped up a yard of the costly texture and transferred it to her pocket. The shopman spread over the counter a number of square, flat boxes containing handkerchiefs, and once more turned away. Again the lady's deft hand went to work, and a couple of handkerchiefs found their way under her cloak. 'Now that woman must have capacious pockets,' soliloquized the astonished Mr. Pottridge. 'She's a cunning thief, anyhow, and I'll just step in and warn the firm.'

He hesitated a moment, and while he hovered about the doorway the lady came out, escorted by an obsequious commissionaire with medals on his breast. A footman, one of a row basking on a bench like oysters, rose and signaled to the coachman of a handsomely appointed brougham, who at once drove forward. Evidently this lady was not an ordinary thief. She was a tall, dark person of about thirty, superbly dressed and very handsome. Perceiving Mr. Pottridge, and seeing his glance fixed on her as she waited for her carriage, she eyed him with aristocratic supercilliousness, and thereby settled her fate; for Smallborough's alderman, who could not brook the disdain of a shoplifter, hurried into the mercer's and explained what had happened, speaking in so excited a voice that a number of customers heard him.'

Great commotion was caused by his announcement, and the shopman who had served her was quickly fired by the idea that he had let himself be outwitted. Darting out of the shop he accosted her as she was stepping into her carriage: 'Will you come back, if you please? There is some mistake.'

'What mistake?' asked she, turning around with a flash in her eyes. But she grew ashy pale.

'Come back, please,' repeated the shopman, a pushing young man, whose voice broke from emotion.

A small crowd had already collected and the lady was obliged to retrace her steps; but as she was about to enter the shop she slapped her hand into her pocket and let a piece of lace fall on the pavement. 'No, ma'am that won't do,' cried Mr. Pottridge, seizing her wrist. 'You're going to pretend those things fell by accident into the folds of your dress; we know that trick. And, officiously acting as a searcher, he plunged his hand into her pocket, despite the lady's struggles, and drew out a second piece of lace, three cambric handkerchiefs, two pairs of new gloves, one pair of silk stockings and a lady's cravat. 'Well, I never!' exclaimed the pushing shopman, and there was a murmur among the bystanders, including the lady's own footman, who looked like a powdered figure of consternation.

'How dare you!' screamed the lady, purple with rage and mortification as she glared at Mr. Pottridge; 'I'll prosecute you for assault. I told the shopman here that I meant to buy these things. Let the bill be sent to my address; I'm Mrs. Pounceforth Keane.'

'Ah, I dessay,' responded the shopman, 'but I'm just going to give you into custody;' and running to the door he beckoned to a blue coated member of the force.

One of the partners of the firm, a grey, civil-spoken man, who had been summoned from his study, now came forward, and he was at first disposed to rebuke the haste of his shopman, but he was too late. The policeman had already entered, and all the shopmen and the shopgirls, the customers and the desultory people crowding around the door, were intent in chorusing that the thief should be made an example of. Mrs. Pounceforth Keane, seeing public opinion so dead against her, uttered a howl and fell swooning to the floor.

'Never mind that, we'll soon rouse her,' said the policeman facetiously, for he did not yet know that he had to deal with a lady who kept a brougham. 'The magistrate is sitting now at Marlborough street; we'll just go there at once and have her charged.'

This arrangement was acceded to, and in a few minutes the lady and policeman (who had got abashed by this time from finding himself seated on the silk cushion of a carriage) were riding to the police court in Mrs. Pounceforth Keane's own vehicle, while Mr. Pottridge, the shopman, and the mercer followed on foot to give evidence.

. . . . . .

One would think that in a case where the offense was flagrant and the testimony so clear the magistrate might have sentenced the defendant straight off to six months' imprisonment, and, indeed, had the thief been a person of the lower orders, it would probably have been her fate to have been convicted summarily. But it turned out that Mrs. Pounceforth Keane was the real name of the elegant shoplifter, whose husband was a person moving, as reporters say, 'in the best of society.' Mr. Pounceforth Keane was sent for, and arrived breathless in a hansom from one of the best clubs in Pall Mall. At the sight of him, his wife, who had been locked up for an hour in a police cell, wept profusely, and Mr. P. K. was himself much agitated. He asked for a remand and tendered bail, saying he should produce medical evidence to the effect that his wife had lately suffered severely in health. The magistrate—a timid man, who had grown-up daughters to marry, and was terribly afraid of society—stammered out something like an apology, and readily acceded to the application for bail. So very soon Mrs. Pounceford Keane tottered out of court weeping like a victim, on her husband's arm, and Mr. Pottridge walked away with the shopman and the civil-spoken mercer. All three were crest-fallen, as if they had committed a blunder.

'This will be a very bad affair for me,' grumbled the mercer. 'I would have lost a hundred yards of lace sooner than appear in court against a lady like this.'

'Well, but she's a thief,' cried Mr. Pottridge, rousing himself and speaking with spirit. 'What harm can she or her friends do you?'

'Are you quite sure you saw her steal the things,' asked the mercer, gloomily. 'Besides, supposing she did put them in her pocket, she says that she told my shopman to send the bill.'

'I'm hanged if she did,' ejaculated the shopman, indignantly.

'Silence, sir,' answered the mercer, with a stern frown. 'If this be really a case of theft, you are self-condemned, for you ought to have kept your eyes about you. For some time past I have noticed that you have been very negligent in business.'

The shopman collapsed; as for Mr. Pottridge, he tugged back to his hotel, feeling half inclined to go and ask Lord Beaconsfield what he ought to do. The case had been adjourned for a week, so he traveled back to Smallborough in the evening, and by the time he reached his native town he had worked himself up into a state of contempt for the mercer and the metropolitan stipendiary, who seemed to draw a distinction between well-dressed and ill-dressed plunderers. Meeting Mr. Bungs, the brewer, near the railway station, he gave him an account of what had happened, and was hearkened to with sympathy until he mentioned the name of Pounceforth Keane; then Mr. Bungs pursed up his lips. 'Why, bless me, that's the cousin of Lord Keynsole, brother-in-law of our lord lieutenant!'

'What difference does that make?' stammered Mr. Pottridge, like a man who feels less sure of his ground.

'Oh, nothing, except that I don't see why a lady of that sort should commit robberies,' responded Mr. Bungs.

Further down the street Mr. Pottridge, who was rubbing his pate in rather violent perplexity, encountered Mr. Dott, the banker whose daughter Lucy he loved. 'Pounceforth Keane!' exclaimed Mr. Dott, as soon as he had heard the grocer's story. 'Why, Lord Keynsole, his cousin, banks with us.'

'Well, but come, Dott,' retorted Mr. Pottridge, impatiently, 'is that a reason why Mrs. Pounceforth Keane shouldn't be a dishonest lady?'

'No; but I think the whole thing improbable,' answered the banker, 'and I confess I should be sorry if anything unpleasant happened to Lord Keynsole's family.'

Mr. Pottridge was not in a very good humor when he went to bed that night. A magistrate himself; he knew what shifts are often made to withdraw well-connected offenders from justice; and so far as he was concerned, he would have cared little had an appeal been made to him to acknowledge that he had perhaps been mistaken in fancying that he saw Mrs. P. K. pocket some lace and handkerchiefs. But Mr. Pottridge could not bear to be pooh-hoohed at or threatened with unpleasant consequences if he did his duty. He was an alderman, a grocer with a blameless conscience, and he feared no man. Fearing that his character for veracity and common sense was at stake, he resolved to give his evidence against the wife of Lord Keynsole's cousin with no more hesitation than if she were the commonest jail-bird.

From that date, however, things began to go wrong somehow with Mr. Pottridge. It seemed as though his long luck had forsaken him. On the morrow of his adventure in London, Mr. Chuckleworth, the principal solicitor in the town, who was Lord Keynsole's legal adviser, passed him in the street without nodding, and later in the day Mrs. C. sent a stiff note, begging that Mr. Pottridge would send in his bill, and intimating that she would thenceforth purchase her groceries at another house. Now the Chuckleworths had always been excellent customers of Mr. Pottridge.

This was bad enough, but worse was to follow. Next day some inspectors of weights and measures arrived at the alderman's shop and found a piece of lard sticking under the scales. They declared they should make a report of the fact. Scarcely had they gone, leaving the grocer speechless with confusion, when two well-dressed strangers entered and bought some tea, brown sugar, cocoa, pepper and a pot of mustard, after which they stated that they were public analysts, who were going to examine the quality of these goods. They examined them, in truth, so fast that two days later Mr. Pottridge received a summons to answer a charge of putting birch twigs in his tea, sand in the sugar, tumeric in his mustard, clay in his cocoa, etc. Mr. Pottridge shrugged his shoulders at first, taking it for granted that the charge would be dismissed by his brother magistrates, Messrs. Dott, Bungs & Co., but before the case came on for a hearing it fortuitously transpired that Mr. Pottridge had been up to London interviewing Lord Beaconsfield for the purpose we know, and this made the other aldermen furious. Mr. Bungs, the brewer, was particularly angry, and declared that Pottridge was a traitor, so the poor grocer, instead of having a friendly bench to judge him found a very stern one.

'I am sorry for you, Mr. Pottridge,' said Mr. Dott, who sat as chairman, 'but men in your position should set an example. You are fined £20 on each count, with costs. Total £120.'

Ill-starred Pottridge! He left the court politically and socially done for, for he could no longer hope to be re-elected mayor nor to marry Miss Dott. He should have, moreover, to resign his aldermanship, and his personal character, as well as that of his tea, sugar and mustard was ruined.

So ruined was Mr. Pottridge that when he went to London to give evidence against Mrs. Pounceforth Keane the first question asked him by the council for the defense—a blustering Old Bailey barrister—was, 'I believe you have just been convicted of selling adulterated goods and at false weight?'

'Let me explain,' stammered poor Pottridge.

'No explanations, sir. Give me a plain answer, yes or no!'

'Yes; then.'

'Well, then if you are liable to make mistakes about your weights, you may err in other things.'

'Perhaps,' replied the grocer, desperately, 'I may have been mistaken in thinking this lady was a thief. I have had enough bother about the business.'

'You ought to be ashamed of your flippant conduct, sir,' cried the counsel harshly; and the wretched grocer hobbled out of the witness-box feeling very mean indeed. After this confession of possible error on the part of the chief witness, the case against Mrs. Pounceforth Keane was of course dismissed, and Mr. Pottridge slunk out of court with a magisterial reprimand ringing in his ears. To conclude this little story one has only to add that when H. R. H. the Prince of Wales graciously went to open the baths at Smallborough it was Mr. Bungs who was mayor, and eventually got knighted, while Mr. Pottridge was not even invited to the dinner at the town hall, whereof he paid his share like the other ratepayers. He is no longer regarded as a lucky man.

A Valuable Suggestion.

Among the plans lately proposed for promoting the efficiency of the United States postal service may be mentioned one which, on its face, is of sufficient value to be worth testing. It requires the postal authorities at the place where a letter is mailed to give a receipt therefor to the person mailing it on the payment of a small extra charge—say one cent. This receipt is not intended, of course, to give the person holding it any claim on the postoffice, but to serve as a voucher in cases where, from any cause, there has been a failure to deliver it, and legal evidence is desired that it was duly posted. We can imagine many occasions where such a provision would be of decided value to correspondents; and there can be little doubt that it would tend to increase the risks of robbing the mail and serve as a check upon dishonest carriers. At any rate, it is worth trying if it can be done without undue expense.

Living too Fast to Enjoy Life.

Some years ago a New York merchant was making a trip between that city and Montreal in the month of October, under somewhat peculiar circumstances, to wit: He had just failed, having fallen into the American error of getting rich too fast. Having been in active business since boyhood, he had now leisure to look about him, and was so struck with the wonderful beauty of the foliage that he turned to an acquaintance and inquired whether the trees put on that appearance every season. He had been making this journey almost monthly for many years; meanwhile the trees had put on their robes for him every year, but he had never seen them—his outward eye had seen, but he had not.

Surviving Injuries to the Brain.

The Indianapolis *Journal* gives a report of a lecture upon the brain recently delivered by Dr. W. B. Fletcher in that city, in which he mentioned the following instances of recovery of persons after severe injury to the brain: 'Once, about 10 years ago, I was on South Mississippi street, this city, and was called upon to attend to the injuries of an Irish boy, upon whose head a piece of stone had fallen. A large rent was made in the skull, through which the brain-matter was rapidly oozing. I took out nearly a tablespoonful of it, and removed a piece of the stone and several fragments of bone. The lad recovered in a few weeks, has since gone through our public schools with credit, and is rather brighter than the average lad. At another time a little girl fell from the third-story window of a block situated at the corner of Maryland and Illinois streets. Her skull was completely flattened, and the brain very much compressed. The skull was pressed back into its proper shape, and the girl recovered. One very remarkable incident occurred many years ago in this State. A man, while attending to a blast in a coal mine, ignited the charge by a spark from a crowbar before he was ready, and the bar was thrown through his hands. One end of it struck under his chin, and, passing clear through the brain, protruded through the top of the skull. The bar was removed, and the man lived 12 years in perfect health, mentally and physically. A similar case which happened in the Eastern States is mentioned in many recently written physiologies. Last year an explosion occurred in the Eagle Machein Works, this city. A piece of splinter entered the head of a gentleman, entering the brain to the depth of 2¼ inches. The wood was eventually removed, and with it some brain-matter. The gentleman recovered, and is engaged in business in this city to-day. Numbers of other cases equal in point of importance and interest to those I have related have occurred and are on record. I could mention many more if time permitted.

The fact that the brain may sustain such injuries without producing death may be explained on the following theory: In a healthy condition the brain-matter completely fills the skull, and the introduction of a foreign object, however small, creates a pressure which is sufficient and sure to cause death unless a corresponding quantity of bone or brain matter escape by the entrance of the foreign matter. A bullet enters the brain and an amount of brain matter equal in size must be permitted to escape, or the pressure is greater than can be withstood. In each of the cases cited such was the case. Even when such an amount of matter escapes death may ensue, but it does not necessarily follow. In apoplexy a blood-vessel in the brain is ruptured, and no aperture existing in the skull, there is no means of exit for the blood thus freed. The pulsation of the heart continues to force blood into the brain, and death results from pressure on the brain.

How the Chinese Thrive.

On Sacramento street, in the city of San Francisco, there is a three-story house occupied by Chinese. In the cellar or basement story, a room 20x40 feet, there are some thirty male Chinese working with sewing machines. These people live, and work, and sleep in this apartment. At night they extend boards and matting across their machines, some sleeping upon these boards and some upon the floor. They wash from tin cups, throwing the water into the streets. Their food is dried fish, desiccated vegetables, rice, and various prepared sea weeds imported from China, with an occasional piece of pork. Their drink is tea. Their clothing, except their pantaloons, which they make themselves, is imported from China. The cost of living, including rent, is less than ten cents a day. Over this cellar is the store of a Chinese merchant, and over this the merchant, his clerks, three wives, two slave women, and two children live. In a house that pays $40 per month rent nearly fifty people have a home.

A Solemn Warning.

Rev. Dr. Deems, the popular Southern minister settled in New York, tells the following, which has not heretofore been printed. He says one of his parishioners who was about to die sent for him and told him that he wished to make a suggestion to him which he hoped he would take in good part. 'Certainly,' said the pastor, 'anything you say will have great weight with me.' 'But I trust you will not be offended at it,' rejoined the dying man, 'for I mean it for your good.' 'Why, my dear friend,' replied Dr. Deems, 'I shall be only too happy to hear your advice and to profit by it. We all have our failings, and I am conscious of many such.' The colloquy proceeded in this style for some time when, finally, after the reverend gentleman's curiosity was raised to the highest pitch, the poor man, at death's door, said in a solemn whisper: 'Well, doctor, what I want to say is this: Never go to bed on an empty stomach.'

A Yarn from Louisiana.

There is no doubt that the newspapers tell of some queer things, but then it must be remembered how many queer things happen. Here is a story told by the Abbeville, La., *Meridional*, of last week: A lady residing at Cow Island, in this parish, wishing to 'set' a hen, went into the field adjoining her residence, where some of her chickens had been 'laying,' and produced some seventeen eggs and placed them under the hen. When in the course of 'human events' the chickens were hatched, lo! and behold, there came forth four small alligators. It is supposed that alligators from an adjoining marsh had deposited their eggs in the field, and she, not knowing the difference, placed them under the hen. And what is more strange, the young alligators follow the mother hen around the premises as happy as a Colorado beetle in a potato patch.

A traveler remarks that passengers who cross the ocean are sea-sick the first three days. The last three are devoted to heavy eating, novel-reading and planning to beat custom-house officers.

French Method of Cashing a Check.

To one accustomed to our quick business movements in New York, and the especial rapidity with which banking operations are performed, it is quite ludicrous to enter a Paris bank and watch the performance there. If you present a check for payment, instead of handing it directly to the teller and getting your money instantly, or in two or three minutes at the latest, (as in of a New York bank), you walk up to an officer in uniform, of whom there are a dozen walking about the counting room, in large banks like the Credit Lyonnais, outside the space reserved for the clerk. He conducts you to one of the places constructed like cells, in which the bookkeepers are serving out a sentence of solitary confinement. You hand your check to the prisoner's assistant, who hands it to the 'boss.' The latter consults a big ledger. If there is sufficient 'spondulix' to the credit of the drawer, and the signature has all its i's crossed, and its t's dotted, he returns it to the boy, who in turn hands it to you, with the request that you pay two sous for a revenue stamp. This being gummed on the back, the deputy prisoner asks your address, then indorses it on the back of the draft, and you write your name across the revenue stamp with date, &c., and then a second time underneath your address. This done you are presented with a bronze medal the size of a saucer with a numeral upon it. You accept it modestly, beliving it to be a sort of Legion d'Honneur arrangement, or a reward of merit. You then are requested to seat yourself on one of the numerous long settees ranged around the room, which you do, and wait prayerfully till your turn arrives. After meditating in this position for a half-hour on the transitory nature of life, the slowness of French bank officers, and kindred tropics, after reading the morning papers through twice, including the advertisements, you begin counting the panes of glass in the roof, or study the countenances of your neighbors, all patient creatures (like yourself), who have become quite reconciled to this mode of transacting business, and would be alarmed if they should enter an American bank and draw their money in five minutes instead of half an hour. They would think there was something the matter with the coin—bogus, perhaps, or something of that sort.

After exhausting all your patience and the window panes and floor-tiles likewise, an officer in another little den, dressed in a uniform composed chiefly of brass buttons and big 'plaque,' the size of a dinner-plate, on his left breast, yells out: '*Quatre cent Quatre-vigt-treize!*' Of course, you don't know what he means, and sit stupidly wondering; but on a repetition of the cry you consult your brass door-plate and find you hold 'No. 493.' So you march to the crier and present your medal, and in return he hands you out a little bowl which contains your lucre. I timed the operation. There were just five persons ahead of me when I entered, and it took 25½ minutes by the clock for me to draw my little check of 100 francs!

The Despised Sunflower.

Everybody knows the common sunflower, of the genus *Helianthus*, which abounds in most of the backyards and inclosed grounds of the small towns and villages, and, indeed, throughout the rustic regions of the whole republic.—The sunflower is selfsowing, we believe, and grows spontaneously in every part of the country. It is so common here that nobody cares for it; yet it is not without a large, gorgeous kind of beauty which would be appreciated were the plant scarce, or were any pains taken to rear it. Elsewhere the sunflower, if not admired, is esteemed for practical reasons. Many of our native aboriginals make bread of the seeds. It is cultivated in the South of Europe, sometimes as a field crop, the seeds being used as food for cattle and poultry, and also for making oil, which is little inferior to olive-oil, burns in lamps, and is employed in the manufacture of soap. Meal and bread are said to be got from the seed in Portugal, and these roasted are often substituted for coffee. The seeds are also used like almonds for making soothing emulsions, and in some parts of the Old World are boiled and fed to infants. The leaves are good fodder for cattle, the stems serve for fuel, and contain much potash. The different species of sunflower indigenous to the United States number some 40, scattered from ocean to ocean and from New England to the Gulf. For a plant generally counted unworthy, as it is with us, it surely has many valuable uses.

A New Feature in Fish Culture.

Since the establishment of the New York State hatching house, experiments have been made in crossing different sorts of fish and the results have been very interesting. It was found that trout and salmon could be crossed successfully, and that a healthy hybrid, possessing some of the characteristics and qualities of both parents, was produced. Several other species were united in such unaccustomed bonds of wedlock, but probably the most remarkable cross was that of shad and striped-bass. This was first accomplished in the year 1876 at the fishery on the Hudson river; the eggs of the shad being impregnated with the milt of the striped-bass. Every care was taken to make the experiment satisfactory and trustworthy, and as male shad were being stripped at the same time and place and their milt might be in the water used with the eggs, other water was brought from some distance up stream. The fry of these impregnations hatched in the ordinary time and could be distinguished by the practiced eye from the common run of shad fry. This experiment was repeated in 1877, when fully ten thousand young of this extraordinary miscegenation were hatched and turned loose in the Hudson river. None of the fry were kept where they could be watched subsequently, as they will not live in confinement, but it is expected that we shall soon hear of this strange compound of half bass and half shad, which has been grafted by man's hand upon nature.

Cats have nine lives, and being bound to live every one of them they stay up nights to do it.

Seven Thousand Dollars in a Chicken Coop.

A mislaid express money package, containing $5,000 from the West via the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, has turned up, and in an unusual way. It was found several days ago in a chicken coop, which, with other coops of chickens, had come on the same car with the express company's safe. The package was found in the coop, where it had laid among the chickens, which were about to be handed over to a purchaser by commission merchants in Baltimore. Further search in the coop brought to light a couple of other packages, containing $2 580. Mr. T. G. Stewart notified the express company's agent and the identity of the property was made clear. The package had been missed, and an investigation showed that it had disappeared after reaching the hands of Peter Dahme, express agent on the route between the Ohio river and Baltimore. The express agents transfer their packages at the Ohio, one agent returning west and the other coming on east. The train connection there is close, and quick handling is necessary. The safe for valuables was in the car with other express freight. Dahme had numerous packages to handle, and in an unguarded moment he indiscreetly laid the $5,000 package and the other packages above referred to on the coop, instead of placing them directly in his safe after receipting for them, as the orders of the company strictly require. He allowed other duties to occupy his attention, and the chicken coop was pushed aside to give room for her to freight. The package slipped through the netting and landed among the chickens. Dahme forgot that he had laid the package on the coop; and on reaching Baltimore was surprised to find that he had receipted for valuable property which he did not have in his safe, and he believed that he had not received it. The express company, which is responsible for the delivery of parcels intrusted to its care, had almost given up the package as lost when the timely discovery of its whereabouts was made. Dahme, who had seen twenty years of service as an expressman, and had an excellent character for honesty and carefulness, was dismissed from the service of the company for disobedience of orders in laying the package outside of his safe. The local agent of the company, who has seen twelve years of service as an expressman but never had such an unfortunate experience, said that in the quick transfer of express matter at railroad connections, accidents of a similar nature have occurred before, but they do not always get before the public.

Major Andre in a New Light.

As a prominent citizen has erected a monument in New York State to the memory of Major Andre, and inserted on it an epitaph extolling the many virtues of that Revolutionary victim of circumstances, a descendant of one of the old patriots of that time has hunted up the following letter written by Deborah Logan, who derived her information from Chas. Munson, secretary of the Continental Congress:

'When Major Andre was with the British army in Philadelphia during the Revolutionary war, he was quartered at the house of Dr. Franklin, who had left in it much furniture, and also his library. When the enemy were about to evacuate the city, Monsieur Du Simitiere, a well-known Italian gentleman, attached to science and the fine arts, and well acquainted with Andre, waited upon him to take leave, and to solicit his interest in their preservation, if any irregularities should ensue upon their leaving the city. He found the major in the library, busily employed in packing up some books, and placing them among his own baggage, particularly a very scarce and valuable work in French—a present, if I rightly remember, from Louis XVI., king of France, to the Philosophical Society, of many volumes in quarto,—he said between thirty and forty. It was the Jesuits' account of China, and their translations of Chinese literature, published after their expulsion from China and return to France. Du Simitiere said he was shocked at the procedure, and told him (Andre), in order that he might make the inference, of the strictly just and honorable conduct of the Hessian General Kuyphausen with respect to General Cadwallader's house and property, which had been in his possession. He sent for the agent of General Cadwallader, and giving him an inventory which he had caused his steward to make out upon their obtaining possession, desired him to observe that all was left as they had found it, even to some wine in the cellar, every bottle of which was left; and he also paid the agent rent for the time he had been in the house. But the recital of the German general's honesty made no impression on the major, for he carried off the hooks. I understand that the books had been sent to Dr. Franklin's care, and had not yet been placed in the library of the Philosophical Society.—*Deborah Logan.*'

President Polk's House.

One square from the capitol at Nashville, Tenn., is the residence of James K. Polk and home of his living widow, now aged seventy-six. In the front yard, among young maple, poplar and fruit trees, is the President's tomb, a canopy of entablature on four doric columns, with a limestone cenotaph below on which are inscriptions in painted black letters. The house is a rather oldish-looking pile of irregular brick, about one hundred feet in front, with a portico on one side of four wooden composite columns reaching to the roof. The second story of the portico is balconied. A wooden pilaster toward the right, where the building sinks down into domestic quarters, gives harmony to the center. The gate in front of the yard is decorated by an eagle on an hour glass.

There are twenty-one artesian wells in Fort Worth, fourteen of which yield from 100 to 1,500 barrels of water per day. This water is conveyed to all parts of the city in water tanks on wagons, and delivered at ten cents per barrel to customers. It washes even better than rain water, if possible, and leaves the skin soft and clear.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

Queen Victoria has twenty-five living grandchildren.

Large quantities of assorted autumn leaves are booked and sent to Europe.

The tax levy of New York city for the year 1879 will be $28,226,983—and the rates will be 2.58, against 2.55 for 1878.

The American Baptist Missionary Union has just sent fifteen missionaries to India to assist in the conversion of the natives to Christianity.

The peanut crop of Virginia, Tennessee and North Carolina is estimated at about 1 825 000 bushels—an increase of about 500,000 bushels over last year.

The two largest single holders of United States registered bonds are Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt, of New York, and Mr. J. C. Flood, of San Francisco, each of whom has $5,000,000.

Judah P. Benjamin the remarkable man, who has made name and fortune over again since the end of the war, recently sent a poor country editor in Louisiana a check for £500.

Abe Rothschild, under sentence death, in prison at Marshall, Texas, evidently does not expect to be hanged. He has had a glass eye inserted and employed a dentist to repair damages to his teeth.

Cetywayo, the Zulu king, is rather a handsome man. He has a singularly dignified and stately air, a tall, sinewy figure, good features, a fearless glance, beautiful teeth, a head splendidly set upon his shoulders and a velvet skin.

There are coal mines in Germany in which the phenomena of subterranean water having a regular ebb and flow has been observed. The scientific academies of Vienna and Berlin are studying it, and look for valuable additions to our knowledge of the earth's interior.

An English farmer's boy was recently killed by a peculiar accident. He carried a loaded pistol in his trousers-pocket, and another boy threw a stone which struck the weapon and caused it to go off, discharged the contents into the bowels of the youth who carried it.

Victor Hugo is a count, and a member of a family that has borne a title since 1531. Alexander Dumas was, and his son is, by the ordinary French law of succession, Marquis de la Pailleterie, yet perhaps not one in ten even of their educated countrymen is aware of the fact.

Owing to signals of warning not being shown at a point where the roadway crossed the track of the Fitchburg railroad in Massachusetts, Miss Jennie Eaton was struck by a train and seriously injured, whereupon her gardian instituted suit against the railway company and recovered $11,950 damages.

A comparative statement of the disposals of public lands to actual settlers during each of the last five fiscal years shows that three and a half to four million acres each were taken for the fiscal years of 1875, 1876 and 1877 to 3,650,119 acres during the twelve months which ended with last June.

It is stated by the Blackburn correspondent of the London *Standard* that a single firm of agents in Lancashire, England, took more orders for American cotton cloth for India during the first half of September than they received during the same period for all the English firms which they represent.

The Ute reservation is one hundred miles in width, and extends almost across the entire State of Colorado. It embraces twelve million acres of the best mining, grazing, farming and timbered land in the State; and that at no distant day the white man will take possession of it either peaceably or forcibly admits of no doubt.

The cotton planters of Louisiana are now reaping an advantage from the enforcement of the game laws in that State, which more than repays them for sparing the birds. The blackbirds are swarming in the cotton fields and destroying the cotton worm. Very few worms can be found after they passed through a field.

A counterfeit $20 new legal-tender note is in circulation. The line engraving is rather blurred. The words 'Register of the the Treasury,' under Allison's signature, are crooked, almost obscure; also the words 'Treasurer of the United States,' under the treasurer's signature, are irregular. It is a very dangerous bill, and made by a new process.

A distinguished advocate is of such prolixity that his addresses always rival the Mont Cenis tunnel in length. He defended a criminal unsuccessfully lately, and at the end of the trial the judge received the following note, which he read aloud in court amid general hilarity: 'The prisoner humbly prays that the time occupied by the plea of the counsel for the defense be counted in his sentence.'

Washington Territory is 340 miles long by 240 broad, and contains 69,994 square miles. In 1870 the population, exclusive of Indians, was 23,995, and the present population, based upon the vote of last year, shows a most satisfactory increase. The new constitution is modeled after those of the older States, and is liberal and progressive. Persons of mixed white and Indian blood, who have adopted the customs and habits of civilization, are all allowed to vote.

A Baltimore merchant, in handling a crate of chickens which he had purchased, investigated a couple of packages of papers in the bottom of the coop with the straw, and found them to contain bank notes to the amount of $7,500. It subsequently transpired the packages had been laid on the coop temporarily by an express messenger, in his car, and falling among the fowls unnoticed, had passed through numerous hands with the chickens, before discovery.

The Staunton, Va., *Vindicator*, says: In the last few days a young lady and gentleman in this county, both in good circumstances, were married at 9 30 A. M., went straight to their new residence, to which the groom had already ordered new furniture and an outfit for housekeeping, and at 12 o'clock they had dinner, which the bride had attended to. In the afternoon the bridesmaids had a good deal of fun putting down the carpets for the happy pair.

The People's Press.

SALEM, N. C.

THURSDAY NOVEMBER 6, 1879.

$1.50.

From and after June 1st, the terms of the PRESS will be ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS, to all new subscribers, who pay *in advance*. To subscribers who do not pay in advance the price is two dollars.

DEATH OF BISHOP DeSCHWEINITZ.

It becomes our painful duty to announce the death of this estimable divine, who has so faithfully and acceptably served the Moravian church in this place, and in the Southern Province, as well as in the whole church, at home and abroad. His presence will be sadly missed in the church and community. Those who were most intimate with him, loved and respected him most. We tender our heartfelt sympathies to the bereaved family and friends.

The following brief memoir of the late Bishop has been furnished by a friend:

The Rt. Rev. EMIL ADOLPH DE SCHWEINITZ, was the oldest son of the late Rev. Louis David de Schweinitz. He was born on October 26th, 1816, at Salem, N. C., where his father at the time filled the office of Administrator of the Southern Moravian Church. His early education was received at the well known Church School at Nazareth, Penn., which he entered as a scholar in 1825. Five years later he became a member of the Theological class at the same place. In 1834 he proceeded to Europe and completed his studies in the Theological Seminary at Gnadenfeld, Prussia. On his return to this country, he was engaged as a teacher at Nazareth Hall, and also as a Theological Professor in the Church Seminary. In 1841 he took charge of the financial affairs of the congregation of Nazareth, where he was ordained a Deacon of the Moravian church, by the late Bishop Benade, on July 24th, 1842. In 1848 he received the appointment of Principal of Salem Female Academy, and from that time on, Salem became his permanent home. After having filled the office of Principal for five years, he became, in 1853, the Administrator of the Estates of the Brethren's Unity in North Carolina. This office he filled for twenty-five years, with distinguished faithfulness.—Through the troubled times of the civil war, and of the years succeeding it, he held his post and executed his trust with rare tact and success. So great was the confidence felt in his administration, that in 1869 he was invited to assume a place in the Financial Board at Berthelsdorf, Germany, an appointment which he, under the leadings of Providence, did not accept. In the same year, after the death of the late lamented Bishop Bahnson, he became the presiding officer of the Elders' Conference of the Southern Moravian Church, a post which he filled until his own decease. His thorough acquaintance with the churches and their members, the zeal and devotedness with which he filled his office, his excellent judgment and christian candor,—all these gifts combined, under the blessing of God, to make his conduct of the spiritual affairs of the Church as successful as that of the financial affairs had previously been. In 1874, after having been presbyter of the Moravian Church for many years, he was elected, confirmed by the lot and ordained Bishop. His great earnestness and love for souls enabled him worthily to fulfil the functions of the Episcopal office. His last official act, in this country, as Bishop, was the ordination of two young men, as Deacons, in the Salem Church, on March 16th, 1879. After having been twice previously a member of the General Synods of the Moravian body, he repaired to Germany once more, in May of this year, to be present at the General Synod of 1879. Here he was chosen one of the Vice Presidents. His health, which for some years had been infirm, grew worse during his absence, and it was with difficulty that he reached his home at Salem, on September 12th. After some weeks of increasing debility, he gently entered into everlasting rest on Monday evening, November 3rd, at 11 o'clock, leaving behind him the blessed memory of christian activity and faithfulness, and a place in the community and church, in which he will be sorely missed.

New York Election.

Cornell, Republican, elected Governor. State ticket democratic.

The number of convicts in the State Penitentiary is 284.

The N. C. Baptist State Convention convened in Oxford yesterday. (Wednesday.)

One-fifth of an acre of land on Main and Clay Streets. Durham, N. C., sold, a few days since, for $10,000.

COTTON MILLS.—There are 53 cotton mills in this State. They used 38,484 bales of cotton last year, and will use nearly twice as much this year. 54 will be the number shortly.

Guilford County has been awarded the silver medal offered by the State Agricultural Society, for the best display in the Agricultural Museum at the late State Fair.

DISTINGUISHED DEATHS.—Jacob Abbott, the eminent author, is dead, aged 76.

Maj. Gen. Joseph Hooker died at Garden City, Long Island, on 31st ult.

John Baldwin Buckstoue, the famous English comedian, is dead, aged 77.

The Raleigh *Visitor* learns that the Peabody fund will not be given to any of the public schools of North Carolina, this year. They propose to assist only the educational teachers of this State, hereafter.

CONCEALED WEAPONS.—We have no idea that the carrying of concealed weapons has been abandoned. A number of persons have already been indicted for so doing, and Judge Buxton has charged the grand jury to indict every one who violates the law.

HON. ZACHARIAH CHANDLER, Senator from Michigan, was found dead in his room, in the Grand Pacific Hotel, Chicago, on the morning of Nov. 1st. Mr. Chandler made a powerful speech the night before to an audience of over 5,000 people. He had been complaining for several days previous of indigestion but there was nothing to indicate his speedy death. The Republican party lose the most stalwart among their leaders.

Latest News Items.

The President of the United States has issued a proclamation appointing the 27th of November as a day of thanksgiving and prayer.——Federal Court met in Asheville, Tuesday.——Ice in all the gutters in Memphis on the morning of the 3rd, and physicians have telegraphed that all can return with safety.——Snow and ice North and West; snow in some sections of Canada a foot deep. At Winnipeg, an ice bridge is formed on the river, and the people are crossing on the ice.

State Fair Premiums.

We publish partial selections from the list of premiums awarded to parties in this place and vicinity and elsewhere, at the recent State Fair.

Best specimen of dressed flax, $3. Miss Sallie Butner, Salem.

Best specimen of honey, $2. Mrs. W. F. Shultz, Salem.

Best specimen home-made candy, $2. Mrs. F. W. Meller, Salem.

Best pair of embroidered pillow coverings, $2. Mrs. Anna R. Zorn, Salem.

Best tidy, $2. Miss Anna Crist, Salem.

For penmanship by child of eight years, meritorious diploma. Miss Linnie Anthony, Salem.

Best and largest variety of grapes, $3. N. W. Craft, Red Plains, Yadkin County.

Best pair of horses, under 7 years, $15. H. S. Foy, Winston.

Best Rye Whisky, $5. John Miller, Winston.

Best display of Jeans, Tweeds, &c., Diploma. F. & H. Fries, Salem.

Best barrel of Apples, $19. Natt. Atkinson, Asheville.

Best Plaids, *Alamance*, Diploma. T. M Holt, Haw River.

Best Plaids, Diploma. Odell Manufacturing Company, Concord.

Best Cassimeres and home-dyed woolen Jeans, Diploma. Gwynn & Chatham, Elkin, Surry County.

The colored people propose to hold a State Industrial Exhibition at Raleigh on the 17th November.

Virginia Midland Railroad.

Last week we briefly noticed an informal meeting held at Maj. Peter Hairston's hospitable mansion, but did not obtain the proceedings of the meeting held at the First National Bank of Winston in time for our last issue. These preliminary meetings are of considerable interest to the public and we therefore give the following proceedings of the meeting in Winston:

MEETING AT 1ST NATIONAL BANK.—Hon. T. J. Wilson was called to the Chair and G. M. Mathes appointed Secretary.

John W. Fries introduced the following resolution which was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That a committee of six gentlemen be appointed to visit Madison and intervening country for the purpose of inviting the co-operation of the citizens along the line in securing a charter for a railroad from Madison to this place.

In accordance with the above resolution the Chair appointed Col. J. W. Alspaugh, J. W. Fries, Dr. J. F. Shaffner. W. B. Carter, Jr., Capt. J. E. Gilmer and Joseph H. Stockton.

The following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, further, That this committee be instructed to make known to all concerned that Winston and Salem will subscribe an amount equivalent to the grading of said road from this place to Yadkin river, but that said subscription shall be expended under the direction of the Board of Directors upon the general through line, and that we will aid in securing a charter from Winston and Salem to Madison.

This committee visited Madison, and conferred with prominent citizens along the route and report favorably to the location of the road to Winston.

The meeting at the Hall of the Tobacco Association, on Friday last was, all that could be desired, being harmonious.

Col. Chas. R. Jones editor of the Charlotte *Observer*, and J. H. McAden, from Charlotte; Hon. Wm. M. Robbins, J. S. Brooks, W. A. Eliason, J. Wallace, and E. B. Drake of the *American*, from Statesville, ably represented their several cities.

Judge T. J. Wilson was called to the Chair and G. M. Mathes and J. A. Robinson, acted as Secretaries.

The meeting was addressed by Maj. W. M. Robbins, Col. C. R. Jones, Judge Cloud, H. W. Fries, Col. J. W. Alspaugh, Rev. C. H. Wiley, Dr. J. H. McAden, J. C. Buxton, Dr. Bahnson and W. A. Elinson.

After a liberal interchange of views it was decided to hold a railroad convention in Winston on Friday, November 14th and that representatives from Leaksville, Madison, Walnut Cove, Mocksville, Mooresville, Statesville and Charlotte be invited to be present. The following gentlemen were appointed a committee of invitation: H. W. Fries, J. W. Alspaugh, Maj. T. J. Brown, Dr. W. L. Brown and Dr. J. F. Shaffner.

There is but little doubt that the road will be built, sooner or later.

It is useless to even express an opinion about the direction the road will take, but from all the light before us, we incline to the shortest route, although from past experience, we know that the shortest and best routes are not always taken.

The shortest route from Danville to Charlotte is *via* Winston, Mocksville and Mooresville, 158 miles.

STATE NEWS.

BAPTIST STATE CONVENTION.—The North Carolina Baptist State Convention will meet in Oxford on Wednesday before the second Sunday in November.

THE OLDEST BAPTIST CHURCH.—The oldest Baptist church now in existence in North Carolina is the church at Shiloh Camden county, which was organized in 1727, with Elder Paul Parmer as pastor. The church now numbers several hundred communicants, and has sent off many colonies to start other churches in northeastern North Carolina and southeastern Virginia.

A HIGH HONOR.—Collier Cobb, a student at Wake Forest College from Fayetteville, has been awarded by the North Carolina State Agricultural Society a gold medal, a silver medal, and $3.00 in cash for preparing the best school map of North Carolina furnished by any teacher or pupil in the State. His map is on the scale of eight miles to the inch, gives the date of the organization of every county, high school and college in the State, the location of the rivers and marl beds, and a great deal of useful information never before presented in such a form. Such a map ought to form a part of the school furniture of every public and private school in North Carolina.

CONVALESCENT.—It will rejoice his many friends to know that Mr. J. A. Worth, President of the Cumberland Agricultural Society, is recovering as rapidly as could be expected from his recent illness, and will probably be out in time to perform his manifold duties at our next annual exhibition. He would be greatly missed, and we will be glad to see him once more hale and hearty.

We are happy to say too that our venerable citizen, Col. John McRea, who has been seriously ill, is now much better. He is certainly a remarkable man. —*Fayetteville Gazette.*

OLD MEN OF FAYETTEVILLE.—A friend hands us in a list of the old men of Fayetteville, from which it appears that we have in town eight men whose combined ages reach the sum of 684 years, giving an average age of 85¼. We are tempted to give their names and ages seperately, but one of them, 86 years old, suggested to our friend that it might offend some of them, as they might wish to get married again. The oldest on the list is 90 years of age, and the youngest is 82. Do we need any better evidence of the healthfulness of our town? One of these old gentlemen is 85 years of age, and has been engaged in the business of cabinet maker in this town for the last 60 years. Another one, aged 84, came to Fayetteville in December, 1799, and is still engaged in merchandising.—*Gazette.*

A little while ago only some five or six steamers sailed from New York each Saturday for Europe. But so great is the demand for American productions that last Saturday no less than thirteen sailed, and every inch was occupied with freight. The shipments are probably greater than any previous day. 534,000 bushels of grain being carried, besides 2,000 barrels and 42,000 sacks of flour, 6,000 bales of cotton, 580 bales of domostics, two tons of assorted candies, and the usual assortment of general merchandise.—*Wil. Star.*

THE NAVIGATION OF THE CATAWBA.—The party of United States surveyors who have been engaged in the survey of the Catawba river to test the question of its navigability, have arrived in Charleston and completed the work. Col. Wolfrect, who is in charge of the party, has denied that he told any one in this region that the river could easily be made navigable up to this point, and said that he was not expected as engineer in charge of the work to express an opinion. He, however, told a reporter of a Charleston paper, (but not officially) that the Santee and Wateree can easily be made navigable to Lady Love Shoals, six miles above Camden, but that beyond that point the expense would probably be too great to make the improvement profitable. The trip from Old Fort to the mouth of the river was made without accident, though the party made several narrow escapes in passing over some of the falls and suffered considerably from the effects of malaria.—*Charlotte Observer.*

BROTHER AND SISTER.

Elopement and Marriage—A Brief Honeymoon in the Woods

Vandalia (Ill.) Dispatch.

A young and respectable looking couple, brother and sister, named Fred and Louise Ruckmann, son and daughter of quite a respectable farmer, residing in Lone Grove township, about twenty miles from this city, boarded the train a few day ago, went to St. Louis and were made man and wife. They remained in the city a day or two, then returned homeward, getting off the train at Brownstown, a station eight miles from this place, and, for fear of being detected wandered out in the woods near the town and remained there until arrested to-day by Constable Joseph Copeland. The man is about twenty-one years of age and of good appearance and his sister nineteen and rather good looking. When asked why he was induced to commit such an act he said: "My sister loved me so well we thought the best thing we could do would be to get married." He was further asked if he did not know it was wrong and against the law to do so, and also why they hid themselves in the woods and kept away from their parents. This he answered by saying: "We did not know it was wrong, and only hid in the woods for fear of being discovered by our folks, as they were very much opposed to our marrying." Their parents are respectable people and are very sadly grieved over the unparalleled act of their children. They were tried this afternoon, were found guilty, and were bound over, the man's bond being fixed at $500 and the woman's at $300, in default they were committed to the county jail. The affair has created great excitement in this city.

A Terrible Plague.

The description which the *Tiflis Vjestwik* gives of the devastation by grasshoppers of Elizabetpol, and other districts of Southern Siberia, is really appalling. The grasshoppers did not come in dense clouds, sweeping down on the fields like hailstorms; on the contrary, they put in their appearance so gradually that, in the beginning, they caused only curiosity. But they steadily increased in number, and when trees and plants stood covered with grasshoppers instead of leaves, people began to realize that a plague was upon them. Candles were lit, processions were made, the priests prayed in public for deliverance from the plague, and all the means of a rude superstition were applied. But in vain; the grasshoppers went on increasing at a fearful rate, and finally they invaded the towns. They filled the brooks and wells, making the water undrinkable; they settled on thickly in the streets that all passage was seriously embarrassed; they penetrate even the houses, and filled chimneys and ovens. At this point the civil authorities determined to supplant the clergy in dealing with the plague. All business was suspended, and all the members of the community, without distinction of rank, sex or age, were set to kill grasshoppers, two roods, or about sixty pounds, being the average measure demanded of a person. By this means the plague seems to have been stayed, but now came its consequences, the famine and the epidemic.

POSITIVE RESULTS. There are numerous remedies that cure sometimes and become trusted as useful, but none have ever proved as effectual—cure so many and remarkable cases—as Dr. Ayer's medicines.

The Cherry Pectoral has restored great numbers of patients who were believed to be hopeless effected with consumption.

Ague Cure breaks up chills and fever quickly and surely.

Ague's Compound Extract of Sarsaparilla eradicates scrofula and impurities of the blood, cleanses the system and restores it to vigorous health. By its timely use many troublesome disorders that cause a decline of health are expelled or cured.

Ayer's Pills and their effects are too well known everywhere to require any commendation from us here.—*Scranton (Pa.) Times.*

The cremation of the body of the late Dr. LeMoyne took place at Washington, Pa., Friday. After non-sectarian services at the house the remains were escorted to the crematory. Owing to the inexperience of the fireman, the heat of the furnace was below the proper degree; and though the body was inserted at 10.30 a. m., cremation was not complete until 4 p. m., when the retort was sealed, to remain closed until Saturday. The ashes will then be placed in an urn. Only relatives and a few friends are admitted to the crematory.

Robert Musterman, a farm laborer of Long Island, N. Y., went to bed on Wednesday night of week before last and has been sleeping ever since. Physicians have applied restoratives, but have failed to awake him. Beef tea and other nourishing diets have been forced into his throat to keep him alive. He sleeps calmly, and snores as loudly as any laborer might do after a hard day's work. His right arm lies limp and helpless by his side, as though paralyzed. His body perspires freely. Great interest has been manifested by the neighbors in this sleeping phenomenon.

While rejoicing over the great increase of prosperity that unabled us to export $717,093,777 worth of products during the last fiscal year, we are humiliated by the fact that only $122,589,538, or about one-sixth of that vast amount, was carried in American ships.

The elevated railways in New York city are coining money. During the last three months they carried 12,012,956 passengers and received $906,982,60. Their receipts will probably foot up $4,000,000 a year in a very short time.

During the past years the total appropriations of the Peabody fund were $74,570. For the next year they will be $83,000.

Destructive inundations have occurred in Tobako, Mexico, where the loss caused by destruction of the corn, cacaro and tobacco crops is estimated at $1,000,000.

The coroner's jury, at Detroit, has rendered a verdict censuring the yard-master, and engineer of the switch-engine, for carlessness in the matter of the late railroad accident at Jackson, and recommend a change in the switch arrangement.

The court of Appeals of Kentucky has made a novel decision. Tom Buford, convicted of killing Judge Elliot, took an appeal. The Court decided that its members could not sit on the case, they having a personal interest in it. The Governor will be forced to order a special court to determine the appeal.

SOUND POLITICS.—A Dutch farmer at Fairbury, Ill., on being asked if he was a Democrat, answered:

"Nix; I ish not a Demograd."

"Are you a Republican?"

"Nix; I ish not a Republican nider."

"Then, you have not got any politics?"

This seemed to be an impeachment, and he got indignant, and in a burst of wrath he defined his position.

"Hain't got no bolidix, eh? You bet I got more so much bolidix es you don't never dare to have got."

"Well what is your party and politics?"

"Vat ish my bolidix? Vy I dells you vot my bolidix is: Feifty cents a pushel for mine gorn und doo glasses of lager for nine cends. Dem's my bolidix. Dem's better bolidix then your tam Republican or Demograd bolidix. Eh, vot you got to say now, by tam?"

Get out Doors?

The close confinement of all factory work, gives the operatives pallid faces, poor appetite, languid, miserable feelings, poor blood, inactive liver, kidneys and urinary troubles, and all the physicians and medicine in the world cannot help them unless they get out of doors or use Hop Bitters, the purest and best remedy, especially for such cases, having abundance of health, sunshine and rosy cheeks in them. They cost but a trifle. See another column.

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For Diseases of the Throat and Lungs, such as Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma, and Consumption.

The reputation it has attained, in consequence of the marvellous cures it has produced during the last half century, is a sufficient assurance to the public that it will continue to realize the happiest results that can be desired. In almost every section of country there are persons, publicly known, who have been restored from alarming and even desperate diseases of the lungs, by its use. All who have tried it, acknowledge its superiority; and where its virtues are known, no one hesitates as to what medicine to employ to relieve the distress and suffering peculiar to pulmonary affections. CHERRY PECTORAL always affords instant relief, and performs rapid cures of the milder varieties of bronchial disorder, as well as the more formidable diseases of the lungs.

As a safeguard to children, amid the distressing diseases which beset the Throat and Chest of childhood, it is invaluable; for, by its timely use, multitudes are rescued and restored to health.

This medicine gains friends at every trial, as the cures it is constantly producing are too remarkable to be forgotten. No family should be without it, and those who have once used it never will.

Eminent Physicians throughout the country prescribe it, and Clergymen often recommend it from their knowledge of its effects.

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SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

At the Old Stand!

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respectfully announces to her patrons and friends that she has removed to her old stand, which has recently been enlarged and otherwise improved, where can be found one of the choicest and cheapest assortments of

FALL and WINTER MILLINERY,

to be found in this section. The stock consists of

HATS & BONNETS for Ladies & Children,
FLOWERS & FEATHERS,
SILK AND VELVET RIBBONS,
The most complete stock of NOTIONS ever brought to this market.
KID, SILK, AND BERLIN GLOVES,
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LADIES' & CHILDREN'S FANCY HOSE,
HAMBURG EDGINGS AND LACES,
LACE SCARFS, RUFFLING, &c., &c.,
BUTTONS of all styles.
LADIES' & CHILDREN'S CLOAKS
SHETLAND WOOL SHAWLS, Children's KNIT HOODS and SACQUES.
UNLAUNDRIED SHIRTS,
FRINGES Silk and Wool.
UMBRELLAS, a good assortment.
Ladies' Children's and Men's Knit Underwear. A variety of JEWELRY.
SILVER SPRAY, GERMAN, and BELLE COLOGNE, in large assortment.
FINE TOILETTE SOAPS.
All the above will be sold
CHEAP FOR CASH.

Thankful for so liberal a patronage in the past, I hope by my complete stock and close attention to the wants of my customers, to merit a continuance of the same during the Fall and Winter of 1879.

Mrs. T. B. DOUTHIT.

I. W. DURHAM,

PRACTICAL
Marble-Worker
AND DEALER IN
MONUMENTS
AND
TOMBSTONES.
WINSTON, N. C.

Write for Price List and Designs.
March 21—26-12—1 year.

FULL

FROM CELLAR TO GARRET
AND
RUNNING OVER
WITH THE
LARGEST STOCK OF
HARDWARE,
House Furnishing Goods,
&c., &c., &c.,
EVER BROUGHT TO
Western North Carolina.

S. E. ALLEN respectfully announces to his many patrons and friends, in this and adjoining counties, that he has just returned from the Northern cities where he purchased one of the largest and finest assortments of Hardware ever brought to this section of the country.

The Farmers
will find in this mammoth assortment all kinds of Agricultural Implements of the latest designs, at lower prices than they ever heard of before.

The Mechanics
in selecting their tools, will here find an assortment of the very best at lower figures than they ever bought before.

Housekeepers
should not fail to examine the splendid array of House Furnishing Goods. Among the large stock of Cooking Stoves can be found the celebrated

"Farmer Girl,"
which is acknowledged by all who have used it to be the best and cheapest in the market.

WANTED.
Mr. Allen wants EVERYBODY to call and examine his goods, hear prices, and be convinced that

S. E. ALLEN'S,
(Sign of the Big Saw,)
WINSTON, N. C.,
is the place to get the best bargains.
Sept. 4th, 1879.

STOVES-STOVES-STOVES

THE UNEDRSIGNED has the largest and most complete assortment of
COOKING STOVES
AND
HEATING STOVES
ever offered in this market and at greatly REDUCED PRICES,
Stove Pipes and Fixtures
always on hand.
ROOFING AND GUTTERING
promptly attended to. A general assortment of
TIN WARE,
Wholesale and Retail, always to be found at the "BIG COFFEE POT. Prices to suit the times,
J. E. MICKEY.
Salem N. C., Oct. 24, 1878.

JOB PRINTING of

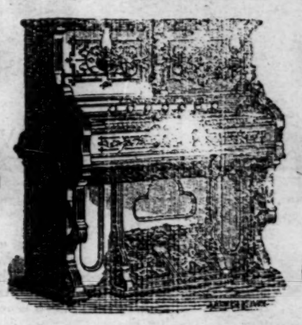
all descriptions executed with neatness and dispatch at the PRESS OFFICE.

ORGANS! PIANOS! MUSIC!

W. P. ORMSBY,

WINSTON N. C., OFFERS THE FOLLOWING

$100 **$100**



Challenge! **Challenge!**

MY ATTENTION BEING DRAWN TO THE FLAMING ADVERTISEMENTS at present going through the country, professing to offer great inducements to purchasers of Pianos and Organs, I, wishing to protect our people from deception and fraud, take this means of cautioning all who desire to procure either an Organ or Piano, that the advertisements referred to and the instruments they represent are *a delusion and a snare.*

There are at present located in the South two firms of Organ and Piano dealers, who make it their business to buy up second-hand instruments, and, after retouching them, advertise them as new, at seemingly low prices, the imposition not being discovered until the instrument is paid for.

There are also Organ dealers advertising from New Jersey, claiming to be manufacturers, who, instead of manufacturing the instruments they advertise, purchase them from "Cheap John" makers, whose sole object is to *sell.* If any person wishes to be convinced of the above, I ask them, purely for their own benefit, to communicate with me, in whatever way they please, and I will freely undertake to supply all information needed, and they can then choose for themselves in purchasing.

To show that I make this offer in good faith, I will undertake to forfeit and pay over the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS to any person to whom I fail to prove the above.

I would further state that I have just returned from New York, and have secured the *best possible terms* from several of the Leading Manufacturers of

Genuine Organs and Pianos,

Instruments which have obtained Gold Medals and Diplomas at the Centennial,

AND I AM PREPARED TO SELL

Warranted Organs and Pianos at Lower Prices

than those quoted on the bogus instruments advertised by the unprincipled dealers who realize enormous profits on shoddy work.

BEING **SOLE AGENT** FOR

HORACE WATERS & SONS,

and for the STIEFF, the STECK, and the HAINES PIANOS,

ALSO FOR THE FOLLOWING CELEBRATED ORGANS:—

Needham's "Silver-Tongue"

The MASON & HAMLIN, the STANDARD, and the TABOR.

I can fill the bill for all Purchasers, both in Style and Price.

To all parties desiring to purchase an instrument, of whatever description, I would point out that there is nothing to lose, and much to gain by communicating with me. Respectfully,

W. P. ORMSBY,
WINSTON, N. C.

May 22, 1879. No. 21. 6:mo.

Nissen Wagon Manufacturing Co

Wagons, Carts, Wheelbarrows, &c.

Post Office
SALEM, N. C.
WORKS AT
Waughtown.

ESTABLISHED BY J. P. NISSEN, 1834.

Best is always cheapest in the end.

WE are better prepared for making wagons than ever before, having a much larger and better stock of thoroughly air-seasoned lumber, and the best wagon mechanics to be procured.

We employ no apprentices, and always endeavor to make

OUR WORK OUR BEST ADVERTISEMENT,
AND GUARANTEE SATISFACTION.

All who use wagons must not forget that first-class work cost more and is worth more than cheap work.

We also keep a large stock of **BUILDING LUMBER and LONG LEAF SHINGLES,** at lowest prices.

Waughtown, Forsyth County, N. C., Feb 27, 1878—no9tf.

JOHN GATLING, President, W. H. CROW, Vice-President
W. S. PRIMROSE, Secretary and Treasurer,
P. COWPER Adjuster and Supervisor.

NORTH CAROLINA HOME INSURANCE COMPANY,

RALEIGH, N. C.

INSURES ALL CLASSES OF

Insurable Property,
Against Loss or Damage by Fire,
On the Most Reasonable Terms.

Losses Promptly Adjusted and Paid.

Encourage Home Institutions.

J. W. BEARD, Agent, at Kernersville, N. C.
J. A. LINEBACK, Agent, at Salem, N. C.

NOTION & VARIETY STORE,

SALEM, N. C.

REMOVED TO THE BELO BUILDING.

LADIES:

Anticipating a fine trade this season, we have bought largely, and now have the pleasure of inviting your attention to

AN ATTRACTIVE SUMMER STOCK

at prices surprisingly cheap.

A beautiful line of Galloon and Hercules Braids, Ball and other Worsted Fringes, so much in demand for Cloak and Dress Trimmings.

Newest styles in Buttons, Gloves, Hosiery, Ribbons, Laces, Neckwear, &c.

A full line of Zephyrs, Germantown and Shetland Wools always on hand.

Have just added to our Stock a nice line of Perfumeries, Hair Oils, &c.

We call particular attention to our beautiful line of Glass and Lava Ware, suitable for Christmas and Birthday presents just received, consisting of Toilet Setts, Vases, Card Stands &c. Those at a distance will be amply repaid by a visit to our Store.

In the selection of Goods the interest of the customer is kept constantly in view, knowing that taking care of those who buy of us is equivalent to taking care of ourselves, thus winning our customers' confidence and their continued patronage.

Respectfully,
J. BLICKENDERFER.

LOCAL ITEMS.

CHEW Jackson's Best Sweet Navy Tobacco

Mr. C. Ebert is repainting his dwelling.

Last Saturday's trade was quite brisk.

The song of the corn-husker is heard nightly.

Molasses butter is a new article made from Sorghum. It is said to be quite palatable.

Bishop Lyman will preach at the Episcopal church in Winston, on Sunday next.

Distemper is prevailing among horses and cattle in various parts of the county.

Oysters are coming into market. Mr. Winkler has a fine lot.

RUSTLESS OATS.—Rustless Winter Oats.—Enquire at Salem Bookstore.

Alex. Belo, a well known colored man of this place, died on Wednesday of last week.

Henry Fries, a young colored man, fell dead in his father's yard, in Winston, on Thursday noon.

Complaints are made of boys interfering with the water arrangements in the Public Square. *Hands off, boys!*

The small home-made cheese and the crimson cranberry are coming from the mountain regions.

FLORAL ADVERTISING CARDS at the Bookstore. Printed at the most reasonable rates.

Several cars were thrown off the track by a misplaced switch on Thursday last. No damage.

We hear of several fine hogs in town and country ready for the butcher. He will begin his rounds shortly.

Randolph County Fair came off on the 31st ult. Why cannot we make arrangements and have something of the kind?

DICTIONARIES.—Webster's unabridged, and National Pictorial Dictionaries at the SALEM BOOK STORE.

Jack Frost has been busy painting the woodland foliage. The colors are not so brilliant as yet, but there is every indication of a glorious display.

Charlie Cooper caught two 'possums and 2 rabbits in four days. Bernie Wurreschke and Henry Shaffner also caught 'possums in their traps.

Beautiful FLORAL and MOTTO PANEL PICTURES, suitable for framing for the Wall and Mantel. Also FANCY BOOK MARKS, for sale at the Salem Bookstore.

The Colored School for this township opened last week. Two female teachers conduct the School, as usual. They propose to publish grades of honor.

The Yearly Meeting of the Friends (Quakers) at New Garden, Guilford Co., is being held this week. Last Sunday it was well attended. A number from this place were present.

The washerwomen troubles of frozen clothes commenced on Monday and Tuesday mornings. Thermometer on Tuesday 16° at our office and 18° at Dr. Shaffner's Drug Store.

The walnut crop in certain localities is very bountiful. Nut cracking at the fireside is as pleasant as it is often entertaining.

Pop Corn comes in for a share of home amusements.

Four deer were killed at the Academy park yesterday. "Uncle" Billy Dettmar, who hardly ever misses the centre, did the shooting. An old buck jumped the enclosure fence, and is now at large.

AUTOGRAPHS.—A beautiful variety of Autograph Albums at 8, 10, 15, 40, 60, 75, $1.25 and $1.50. These books are the handsomest we have *ever* offered at the Salem Bookstore.

LARGE BEET.—Robert Waugh, col., of Waughtown, raised a beet weighing fourteen pounds and a quarter, and measuring 29½ inches in circumference. Rob's beet is hard to *beat*. It can be seen at our office.

PARTRIDGES.—Considerable dissatisfaction exists among the farmers about the sportsmen shooting partridges on their premises. They say they wish the birds to increase as much as possible, and prefer to do the work of thinning out themselves, if necessary.

A fine new assortment of Imperial CARTE VISITE, in plain and fancy boxes, with envelopes to match at the Bookstore.

They are suitable for invitations and can be handsomely printed at reasonable rates at the Salem Printing Office.

Rev. Mr. Rondthaler's Bible Class has a new member nearly every Sunday. His instructions are very interesting, and our young men can always spend an hour there very profitably.

The friends of Miss Rosa Lash gave her a party at the Salem Hotel on Friday night last. Miss Rosa left on Monday evening, en route for Jacksonville, Florida, where her father resides, doing business as a commission merchant.

Shakspere is a favorite this winter with our young men. As a reading club has been organized, it would be a good idea to employ *a good reader*, from abroad, for a few weeks, in order to have a better idea of the immortal bard's writings.

WANTED.

300 bushels of White Wheat.
100 " " Corn.

For which I will pay the highest market prices in cash or trade. W. A. EBERT.
43-tf. Salem, N. C.

Rev. Mr. Lichtenthaler, who has been the organist in the Moravian church, during the absence of Professor Lineback, has resigned, and Miss Emma Lineback, daughter of the Professor, now presides at the instrument with marked ability. This organ is the largest, if not the oldest, in North Carolina.

Joseph Renard, our interprising florist, has just issued a neat business card with price list of plants, &c. Mr. Renard is just beginning and hopes to build up a fine trade. He displays great taste in the arrangement of bouguets, wreaths, &c. He understands his business thoroughly, and should be encouraged.

Mrs. Laura Beck celebrated the 50th anniversary of her birthday, week before last at the residence of her mother, Mrs. N. Vogler, in this place. It was a pleasant family reunion.

We would with pleasure announce the anniversaries of our semi-centennarians, if their friends would send them to us in time.

ACCIDENT.—On Monday night, Oct. 27th, while Joseph Miller, Jr., and family, were returning from his father's, Rev. Joseph Miller, his horse became entangled in the harness, and in the struggle, Mrs. Miller and little Walter were thrown from the buggy and frightened very much, but fortunately only slightly bruised.

Mrs. Tyler and her daughter, Mrs. Judge Person, and Samuel Person, who have been residing in this place and vicinity for several years, left for Fayetteville their future home, on Monday evening last. Our best wishes attend them and hope their future will be both pleasant and prosperous.

The *Leader* says: J. A. Bitting, Esq., has received from a friend in the Indian Territory, a Comanche Chief's head-gear with feathers, beads, bells and ribbons, showing great ingenuity among the savages."

If we mistake not, the editor of the *Leader* has a "Medicine Bag." We have a pipe, used by the Chief "Spotted Tail." These curiosities are interesting in themselves and highly prized as the gifts of friends.

The Fulkerson Store property was sold on Saturday, and brought a very low price, so much so that the property was taken in by the creditors.

We hope the building will be purchased and turned into a tobacco factory, for which it could be easily arranged. There are several buildings in town which could be purchased at reasonable rates, provided they be used for manufacturing purposes. The property will be resold on the 8th inst.

The Superior Court Clerk of Surry, L. Norman, says the Winston *Sentinel*, has been indicted for various crookedness in office, and was convicted at the late term for being absent from his office Monday, and for taking administrators' bonds with insufficient security, and on Monday Judge Gilmer removed him from office and appointed Columbus Hampton in his place.

MESSRS EDITORS:—In the *Press* of two weeks ago I noticed that some one had shown you a beet weighing 6 lbs. This year I tried my hand at raising Mangel Wurtzel beets for stock. My crop, from a small piece of ground, approximated somewhere near one-fourth of a ton, and the largest one measured 24 inches in length, and weighed 6½ lbs. A little ahead of your man. I have also a good crop of parsnips and carrots for stock feeding. It pays. J. B. LINEBACK.

A list of letters remaining in the Postoffice at Salem, N. C., November 1st, 1879:

Nancy J. Crews, Fred Carter (col.), Miss Nancy Conrad, Miss Ellen Cowens, Elizabeth E. Frye, Mrs. Rebecca Flynt, Mrs. Fannie Fiddler, W. Fiddler, Linzy Galaway, Mrs. Violet Gailles, Frank Hayworth, C. A. James, Isiah Lumley, Miss Margaret Lee, Stokes Owens, care of R. S. Haskus, Joseph Pieden, Will Pringle, E. Ramy, David Rominger, Mrs. Florine Shoafe, Miss Jennie Wagham. H. W. SHORE, P. M.

WINSTON Y. M. C. A.—The following officers were chosen at the semi-annual election on Monday night of last week:

President, I. W. Durham. 1st Vice President, J. A. Robinson. 2d Vice President, A. A. Smith. 3rd Vice President, T. H. Pegram. 4th Vice President, W. W. Workman. Secretary, J. D. Paylor. Treasurer, P. Dalton.

I. O. G. T.—At a regular meeting of Winston Lodge, Good Templars, on Thursday night last, the following officers were elected:

W. C. T.—J. D. Burch. W. V. T.—Mrs. A. E. Masten. W. R. S.—P. W. Crutchfield. W. F. S.—J. F. Griffith. W. C.—J. D. Paylor. W. M.—W. H. Robertson. W. T.—Miss Mary Masten. W. I. G.—Miss Helen Bowles. W. O. G.—P. Keith. P. W. C. T.—W. W. Workman.—*Leader.*

COLLECTIONS for the 5th Internal Revenue District of North Carolina, for the week ending November 1st, 1879:

Monday	$2,762 80
Tuesday	2,453 02
Wednesday	3,819 00
Thursday	1,060 26
Friday	4,263 82
Saturday	1,619 48
Total	$15,984 38

Aggregate collections for the month of October, 1879:

Collections on Lists	$ 315 25
Tax paid Spirits sold	11,802 60
Spirit Stamps, other than Tax paid Sold	10 30
Tobacco Stamps sold	71,033 28
Cigar " "	126 00
Special Tax" "	339 30
Total	$83,626 73

PERSONALS.—Col. A. H. Belo, editor and proprietor of the Galveston *News*, with his family, are on a visit to his father, E. Belo, of this place. The Col. is looking well and we are pleased to state that his paper is highly prosperous.

Ensign Sam'l C. Lemly, U. S. N., is at home on leave, and will probably remain over the approaching holidays. Sam is looking stout and well and as jovial as ever. He called on us a few days since.

Capt. J. R. Vogler is also at home from New York. He reports trade looking up finely. Glad to see that his health is considerably improved.

C. E. Crist, of our Office, has been to Richmond, Va., and enjoyed a week's recreation. Noah Kimmel was along, and of course a jolly time was had.

C. W. Vogler, with H. W. Fries, was also at the Fair, and enjoyed himself finely.

Eli Rominger gave us a friendly call on Saturday.

Rt. Rev. Edmund de Schweinitz, and Rev. Robert de Schweinitz, of Bethlehem, Pa., are here, to attend the funeral of their brother, the late Bishop de Schweinitz, of this place.

Our old friend, Jas. R. Dodge, who is boarding at Salem Hotel, celebrated his 84th birthday on Monday, 24th inst. He is undoubtedly the oldest lawyer in the State, and for a man of his years is remarkably well preserved, mentally and physically. He is a nephew of the late Washington Irving.

The Charlotte *Observer* asks if he was not poetized by a lawyer? Yes. The following is the incident as it occurred at Buncombe County Court, many years ago.

Messrs. Swain (afterwards President of the University of North Carolina), Hillman and Dews wrote the following epitaph and laid it on the table near Mr. Dodge, while he was speaking:

"Here lies a Dodge who *dodged* all good
And *dodged* a deal of evil,
Who after dodging all he could,
He could not *dodge* the Devil."

As soon as Mr. Dodge sat down he saw and read the note, and at the spur of the moment answered:

"Here lies a Hillman and a Swain,
Whose lot let no one choose;
They lived in sin and died in pain,
And the Devil got his Dews (dues)."

We have published the above heretofore, but as it is considered one of the best impromptu repartees in the English language, it never grows old.

Almost Young Again.

"My mother was afflicted a long time with Neuralgia and a dull, heavy, inactive condition of the whole system; headache, nervous prostration, and was almost helpless. No physicians or medicines did her any good. Three months ago she began to use Hop Bitters, with such good effect that she seems and feels young again, although over 70 years old. We think there is no other medicine fit to use in the family."—A lady, in Providence, R. I.

The Virginia State Fair.

An immense crowd was in attendance at the Annual Virginia State Fair, held at Richmond, from October 27 to November 1. The weather was exceedingly fine and a most enjoyable time was had by all participating. The exhibits, especially of stock, were very good, while the horse-racing, we are glad to say, was mediocre. Too much money is wasted on these trials of speed, which could be more profitably employed in encouraging agricultural experiments or stock improvements.

In the vegetable and fruit exhibits there was a decided weakness, but the display of labor-saving implements for the farmer was extensive and of the best. The two self-binding harvesters, one binding with wire and the other with twine, were centres of attraction to every farmer on the grounds.

The general machinery exhibit was small compared with what one would expect from so great a manufacturing State as Virginia.

In the matter of fine cattle and horses there was very little to criticize. Jersey, Devon, Ayrshire, Durham, and other noted breeds, bulls, cows, heifers, calves, and steers for beef and work, were viewed with admiration by all. Two beef cattle deserve to have their enormous weight recorded, being 2686 and 2246 pounds, aged 4 and 5 years. The horses, both race and draught, were of most famous breeds, and their fine condition warranted the belief that none better could be found anywhere. Sheep-raising is much practiced in Virginia as the exhibit showed. Cottswold, Southdowns, and Merinos, with the commoner varieties filled many stalls. The hogs and poultry could easily be beaten, as also the wheat, corn and apples, at a Forsyth County Fair.

Taking the Fair all in all, it was well worth a visit, especially as one has the beautiful city of Richmond, with its varied objects of interest, to fall back on. Its location is truly wonderful. At the head of the tide-water navigation of James river, an unlimited water-power commences abruptly where navigation ceases. To the west stretches the Great Kanawha Canal, while railroads from almost every point of the compass, like huge arteries, pour continual streams of wealth into her wholesale and retail markets. Mistress, thus, of land and sea, with men of rare qualities of head and heart at the head of her commercial and municipal affairs, no wonder need be excited that she is reaching forward with giant strides towards the goal of happiness and wealth, the reward of industry, energy and honesty. The Tredegar and Old Dominion Iron Works are running full handed, with orders pouring in; the great flour mills, notably the Haxall-Crenshaw, which uses two million bushels of wheat a year, filling the air with the whirr of their burrs; the machine-shops, with skilled workmen at lathe, planer and anvil; the wholesale business houses, filling orders for all the Southern States, these with many minor enterprizes, make up the sum of her great prosperity.

Printing-offices are by no means scarce in Richmond, for the merchants believe in the use of printer's ink. The streets, hotels and other public places were literally covered with advertisements of all kinds of business.

The number attending the Fair from Salem, Winston and vicinity was very small, scarcely a dozen in all. The railroad fare was not high for the distance and object in view, yet it might have been easily reduced lower and a hundred would have gone.

Many more important points might be dwelt upon, but we will close by saying, go and see Richmond for yourself.

Cincinnati Letter.

A NIGHT WITH OLD JOHN ROBINSON.

CINCINNATI, OHIO, October 30, 1879.

While in Cincinnati, and being desirous of seeing a certain party, I knew no person that could give me the information but Old John Robinson. In the evening I repaired to his palatial mansion, all magnificence and splendor, and was at once ushered into the presence of the King of the Circus. I introduced myself and gave him my address. He received me kindly, and said, "you say you are from Salem? How are the Salem people getting along? You have a great female school there. Those Salem Germans are a thrifty and industrious set, and I like Salem." After discussing local matters for about an hour and an invitation to supper, he remarked, "I want to take you to my Opera House." In the first place he took me on the balcony of the theatre. His presence seemed to be the signal for the "opening" of one of the finest Silver Cornet bands I ever heard. It was then that I could see the old circus fire in him; he became exceedingly animated and loquacious, and seemed so electrically communicative that I almost fancied I was in the ring myself. He took me through all portions of the Opera House, remarking, "Rike, how would this take in Salem?" He inquired particularly about Germanton, N. C. "Confound it," he said. "I got hurt there one time, but it was Aleck's (Robinson) fault. But we cleaned 'em out with stones." He spoke of the Wilkesboro row, and that fearful circus war-whoop of "Hai Lubi." He then gave me a front seat in the parquette, and we enjoyed the opera very much. When I left I said, "Mr. Robinson, we would all like to see your circus one more time." "I am getting pretty old," he answered, "72 years, but when you go back tell them down there I'll try and scratch a ring some time this winter with you." Thus ended my first and probably my last night with Old John Robinson. He has the reputation of being blunt, but its all covered with a mantle of most pleasing sociability.

I enjoyed the interview far better than his best circus. I was at "Headquarters."

More anon, GUSS.

MARRIED.

At the residence of the bride's mother in Davidson county, on the 15th ult., Mr. ALONZO GREEN to Miss EMMA CLINARD.

In Davidson county, on the 26th ult., by Rev. Jos. Miller, at his own residence Mr. JAS. F. ALLEN to Miss SARIA SINK.

DIED.

In this place, after a protracted illness, JOHN LANQUIST, aged 43 years 11 months and 1 day.

On the 27th ult., in Davidson County, near Pleasant Retreat MARIA MILLER wife of Rev. Joseph Miller, aged about 50 years.

In this county on the 23 ult., Mrs SAMUEL SINK, aged about 25 years.

In Winston on Wednesday the 29th, Mrs STEWART, in the 40th year of her age.

In Winston on Wednesday night last, of Diphtheria, ZILLA, daughter of S. R. and Sallie Chamberlain.

In this vicinity, on the 31st ult., SUSANNA VAWTER, m. n. Taylor, aged 84 years, 3 months and 9 days. The deceased was a native of Henry County, Va., but, for upwards of fifty years, resided in this county. She was a member of the Baptist church, and died with a full assurance of a blessed immortality. Danbury *Reporter* please copy.

On the 29th of October, 1879, GEORGE H. HAMILTON, Esq., of Ashe County, aged 66 years, 9 months and 24 days.

He was a native of this county, and removed to Ashe County in 1834. By industry, frugality and honesty he amassed a considerable fortune, and was one of the foremost men in his county in labors for the public weal. He has filled many important County offices with credit and honor to himself and his numerous friends. He was Chairman of the old County Court for a number of years, and at the time of his death was Chairman of the Inferior Court of Ashe county.

The personal qualities of GEORGE HAMILTON were of the most noble and endearing character. His almost boundless charity allowed no cry for help to pass unheeded by. His strict integrity and good nature would not permit him to wrong his fellowman even under the most trying circumstances. His wisdom and fine common sense frequently made him the arbitrator of local disputes, while to every man he was a jovial, generous-hearted friend. He has been a subscriber to this paper for the past 27 years. To the stricken family, and especially to the son who was unavoidably absent during his father's sickness, death and burial, we extend our most heartfelt sympathy in this their day of sorrow. May God, comfort them in their affliction. C.

SALEM MARKETS

Wheat, $1.10a$1.30; Corn, 35 a 40 Oats, 30a35; Flaxseed, 90; Feathers, 4; 45; Eggs 8a10; Beeswax, 20; Flour, 250 a325; Bacon, 5a8; Lard, 8a10; Cotton, 00 a00; Wool, 00a00; Tallow, 6; Butter, 15a20; Sugar, 8a10; Salt, $1a185;

DRIED FRUIT MARKET.

Blackberries, 0 a 8; Cherries, 15; Quarter Cut Apples, 2a3; Bright Sliced Apples, 6a7; Unpeeled 5, peaches, 3; Unpeeled ½ peaches, 4; Dark peeled peaches, 1a2; Bright peeled peaches, 8a 10; Fancy peeled peaches, 11a13; Damson Plums, 10.

HOP BITTERS.

(A Medicine, not a Drink,)

CONTAINS

HOPS, BUCHU, MANDRAKE, DANDELION,

AND THE PUREST AND BEST MEDICAL QUALITIES OF ALL OTHER DISTRESS.

THEY CURE

All Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Kidneys, and Urinary Organs, Nervousness, Sleeplessness and especially Female Complaints.

$1000 IN GOLD,

Will be paid for a case they will not cure or help, or for anything impure or injurious found in them.

Ask your druggist for Hop Bitters and try them before you sleep. Take no other.

HOP COUGH CURE is the sweetest, safest and best. Ask Children.

The HOP PAD for Stomach, Liver and Kidneys is superior to all others. Ask Druggists.

D. T. C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for Drunkeness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics. Send for circular.

All above sold by druggists. Hop Bitters Mfg. Co. Rochester, N. Y.

"People's Press"

AND

Godey's Lady's Book

FOR $3.00.

50th YEAR

OF

Godey's Lady's Book

The Oldest and Best Fashion Magazine in America.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE

REDUCED TO $2.00 PER YEAR.

Subscriptions will be received at this Office in Clubs with this Paper.

The Press and Godey's Lady's Book for one Year at $3.00.

See what Godey's Lady's Book will contain

IN 1880.

Nearly 1200 pages of first-class literary matter.
12 Steel-Plate Beautiful Original Engravings.
12 Large and Elegantly-Colored Fashion Plates.
24 Pages of Vocal and Instrumental Music.
900 engravings on Art, Science and Fashion.
12 large Diagram Patterns of Ladies' and Children's Dresses.
13 Architectural Designs for Beautiful Homes.
200 or more Original Receipts for Family Use.
And the usual Original Department matters.

The January No. of the New Year will be issued December 1st, and will contain the opening chapters of one of the Best Serial Stories ever printed in an American Magazine, by

Christian Reid,

the author of "A Gentle Belle," "Valerie Aylmer," "Morton House," etc., entitled

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In Great Variety,

A large stock of Nursery grown

APPLE, PEAR AND PEACH TREES

of all sizes and ages.

GRAPE VINES, STRAWBERRY AND RASPBERRY PLANTS.

Largest stock in the County.

Open to the inspection of visitors at all times.

I intend to sell as cheap as trees can be grown and on some stock below the cost of production. I will prove this to any one on a trial order. Correspondence solicited. Address

N. W. CRAFT,
Red Plains, Yadkin Co., N. C.
August 14, 1879.-33-tf.

☞ SUBSCRIBE FOR THE PRESS. ☜

$25 REWARD.

STOLEN from the subscriber's stable, about four miles North of Lexington, Davidson County, on Monday night last, a medium sized

GRAY MARE,

about five years old, well formed, a little ewe-necked, with a white spot on the rump.

I will give the above reward for the delivery of the mare and thief to me.

Postoffice address, Lexington, N. C.
LEVI EASTER.
Davidson County, Oct 21st, 1879.

NOTICE.

FORSYTH COUNTY:

Having qualified as administrator with the will annexed, on the estate of the late Philip Spaugh, on the 2d day of October, 1879. NOTICE is hereby given to all persons indebted to the Estate of the said Philip Spaugh to make immediate payment and settlement to me. And all persons having claims against said estate will present them to me lawfully authenticated on or before the 18th day of October, 1880, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery.

N. S. COOK.
Public Adm'r of Forsyth Co.
October 18th, 1879.

LADIES

LOOK TO YOUR INTEREST!

Black and Colored

CASHMERES!

—ALPACAS—

AT ALL PRICES.

VARIOUS STYLES OF

WORSTEDS.

TRIMMING SILKS AND SATINS.

LARGE LOT

HANDSOME PRINTS.

Bleached and Brown Cotton,

AT ALL PRICES.

SCARFS, GLOVES, KERCHIEFS, CORSETS, SHAWLS, FLANNEL VESTS, PLAIN AND COLORED FLANNEL, LACE AND BUTTON SHOES, various qualities,

and many other nice Goods, just received at

CARTER, RIVES & CO'S,

MAIN STREET,

Opposite Merchant's Hotel,

WINSTON, N. C.

October 30, 1879.-44.

CONDENSED TIME.

North Carolina Railroad.

TRAINS GOING EAST.

Date, June, 19 1879.	No. 47. Daily.	No. 45. Daily.	No. 6. Daily ex. Sun.
Leave Charlotte	3 50 a m	3 35 p m	.....
" Salisbury	6 03 a m	5 31 p m	.....
" High Point	7 28 a m	7 05 p m	.....
Arrive Greensboro	8 05 a m	7 35 p m	.....
Leave Greensboro	9 20 a m	.....	7 45 p m
Arrive Hillsboro	10 28 a m	.....	12 25 p m
" Durham	11 02 a m	.....	1 55 a m
" Raleigh	12 15 p m	.....	5 00 a m
Leave "	3 30 p m	5 45 a m	.....
Arrive Goldsboro	5 55 p m	9 55 a m	.....

No 47.—Connects at Greensboro with R. & D. R. R. for all points North, East and West. At Goldsboro, with W. & W. R. R. for Wilmington.

No. 45.—Connects at Salisbury with W. N. C. R. R., for all points in Western N. C. At Greensboro with R. & D. R. R. for all points North, East and West.

TRAINS GOING WEST.

Date, une 19, 1879.	No. 48. Daily.	No. 42. Daily.	No. 5. Daily. ex. Sun.
Leave Goldsboro	10 10 a m	4 34 p m	.....
Arrive Raleigh	12 40 p m	10 45 p m	.....
Leave "	3 20 p m	.....	8 00 a m
Arrive Durham	4 57 p m	.....	10 45 a m
" Hillsboro	5 19 p m	.....	12 28 a m
" Greensboro	7 32 p m	.....	4 30 p m
Leave "	8 40 p m	7 16 a m	.....
Arrive High Point	9 14 p m	7 52 a m	.....
" Salisbury	10 36 p m	9 16 a m	.....
" Charlotte	12 27 a m	11 17 a m	.....

No. 48.—Connects at Salisbury with W. N. C. R. R., for all points in Western North Carolina. At Greensboro with Salem Branch. At Air-Line Junction with A. & C. A. L. Railroad for all points Southand South-west. At Charlotte with C., C. & A. Railroad for all points South and South-east. At Air-Line Junction with A. & C. A. L. Railroad for all points South and South-west.

SALEM BRANCH.

Leave Greensboro daily except Sunday	....	....	$ 10 p m
Arrive Kernersville	"	"	10 30 p m
Arrive Salem	"	"	11 10 p m
Leave Salem	"	"	5 00 p m
Arrive Kernersville	"	"	5 40 p m
Arrive Greensboro	"	"	7 00 p m

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Run both ways with Trains Nos. 1 and 2, between New York and Atlanta via Richmond, Greensboro and Charlotte, and between Greensboro and Augusta, and both ways on Trains Nos. 3 and 4 between New York and Charlotte via Richmond and Charlotte.

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Gen'l Pass. Agent, Richmond, Va.

THE ALMANAC.

BLUM'S

FARMER'S AND PLANTER'S ALMANAC 1880.

JUST PUBLISHED, The Farmer's and Planter's Almanac, containing the usual Astronomical calculations, valuable Agricultural matter, Miscellaneous and Humorous reading, Recipes, Government and Public works of North Carolina, Courts of North and South Carolina, and S. West Virginia; Vote of North Carolina, &c., &c.

Orders respectfully solicited.

L. V. & E. T. BLUM,
Salem, N. C., Oct. 1879.

NOTICE.

The estate of the late FRANCIS FRIES has been finally settled, under decree of the Superior Court of Forsyth County, Spring Term, 1879.

The firm of F. & H. FRIES continues business as heretofore, and is now composed of the undersigned partners, all residents of Salem, Forsyth County, N. C:

H. W. FRIES,
J. W. FRIES,
F. H. FRIES,
H. E. FRIES.

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA, }
Forsyth County, }

I, E. A. Ebert, Justice of the Peace, do hereby certify that Henry W. Fries, John W. Fries, Frank H. Fries and Henry E. Fries, personally appeared before me this day, and signed the above certificate of partnership.

Witness my hand and seal this 12th day of September, A. D., 1879.

E. A. EBERT, J. P. [L. S.]

Geo. B. Everitt,

Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,

WINSTON, N. C.,

WILL practice in the Courts of the Eighth Judicial District, in the Supreme Court, and in the Federal Courts.

OFFICE in the one occupied by the late Col. Masten.

☞ All business intrusted to my care shall receive prompt attention.

We know Mr. Everitt well; he is an accomplished gentleman and a good lawyer, and we cheerfully recommend him as such to the citizens of Forsyth.

Judge R. P. Dick, Hon. W. N. H. Smith, W. H. Bailey, C. S. Hauser, S. C. C. 34-tf

FANCY WORK.

THE UNDERSIGNED respectfully informs the public that they are prepared to execute all manner of FANCY WORK: Crotcheting, Knitting, Linen and Silk Floss Embroidery, Worsted Embroidery, &c., at most reasonable rates. Orders may be left at the Confectionery of F. W. Meller, or at his residence, where samples of work may be seen. Orders solicited and *satisfaction guarantied.*

Miss HELEN C. MELLER.
Salem, N. C., Oct. 2, 1879.

NEW GOODS

AT THE OLD STAND OF F. FRIES,

SALEM, N. C.

IN ORDER TO SUPPLY THE INCREASING DEMAND FOR GOODS AT THIS OLD ESTABLISHED HOUSE, I have had a buyer in the Northern cities to make selections in person, and now have ready for inspection

A FULL AND COMPLETE STOCK,

to which I invite the attention of my old

Wholesale and Retail Customers,

and all who may wish to buy.

The stock is FULL in every branch, including

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,

Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, Hardware, Crockery, Glassware, &c., &c.

It would be too tedious to enumerate all the attractions, but would particularly call attention to the fine selection of SHAWLS, DRESS GOODS, PLAIDS, OPERA, RED AND WHITE FLANNELS, REPELLANTS, CASHMERES, NOTIONS, GENTLEMEN'S & LADIES' FINE MERINO UNDERWEAR, ZIEGLER & BROTHER'S HAND SEWED BOOTS, AND LADIES' FINE SHOES.

I will also sell, as heretofore, the Goods of F. & H. FRIES, HOLT'S, RANDLEMAN'S AND CONCORD PLAIDS. Also the different brands of RANDOLPH SHEETINGS at FACTORY PRICES.

I have the agency for the sale of **J. & P. COAT'S CELEBRATED SIX CORD SPOOL COTTON,** at PHILADELPHIA PRICES. This thread is acknowledged to have no superior in the market.

I also continue the agency of the justly celebrated

AVERY PLOWS,

which have, by numerous trials, proved to be superior to any heretofore introduced in this section. In addition to their excellence, the price should induce every farmer to buy them.

Give me a call, and I will satisfy you that I intend to sell you

A GOOD BARGAIN

in anything I have to offer, as I have bought exclusively for CASH, thereby giving my customers the benefit of all cash discounts, and will sell my goods at a very short profit.

Salem, N. C., Oct. 23, 1879. **H. W. FRIES.**

GEO. W. HINSHAW. W. M. HINSHAW.

HINSHAW BROTHERS,

(SHALLOWFORD ST., OPPOSITE PIEDMONT WAREHOUSE,)

WINSTON, N. C.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

DRY GOODS,

Groceries, General Merchandise, Guano,

Grass Seeds, Fertilizers and Country Produce.

WE ARE PLEASED TO ANNOUNCE THAT OUR TRADE HAS steadily increased, and that our business has been very satisfactory. We take this opportunity to render thanks for our liberal patronage, and at the same time assure our customers that we not only intend to maintain our present trade, but will use every fair, honest and legitimate means to increase it. And with this determination, we shall add to our already very large stock such goods, from time to time, as our trade may call for. We will always have in stock a full line of

LADIES' DRESS GOODS,

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

Unbleached and Bleached Domestics, Cambrics, Drillings, Plaids, Flannels, Linseys, Tickings, Shawls, Skirts, Merino Shirts and Drawers for Ladies and Gentlemen, Blankets, Broadcloths, Cassimeres, Doeskins, Jeans, Cottonades, a full line of Fries' Jeans, Sheeting and Yarns, large stock of Notions, Hats, Stationery, School Books, Shoes and Boots, Hardware, Nails, Axes, Saws, Hammers, Kettles, Pots, Ovens and Lids, Horse and Mule Shoes, Cutlery, Locks, Hinges, Screws, Class, Putty, Rope, Buckets, Tubs, Kegs, Grindstones, Drugs, Patent Medicines, Dye-Stuffs, Oils, Canned Fruits, Varnishes, Syrups, Salt, Meat, Lard, Coffee, Sugar, Tea, Candles, Jellies, Oysters, Crackers, Candies, Flour, Meal, Chop, Corn, Wheat, Rye, Oats, Sole and Upper Leather.

We will continue to keep the

Best Stock of ALPACAS in Town,

and make them a SPECIALTY. Also have a good assortment of SILKS, CASHMERES, &c.

We are the exclusive Agents here of the Winchester, Va., **BOOT AND SHOE FACTORY,** and will keep a full assortment of Ladies', Misses', Children's and Men's **SHOES** and **BOOTS,** and will sell them at reasonable prices and *guarantee every pair to wear well and give satisfaction.*

We ask special attention to these Shoes and to the Winchester All Wool Cassimers which for style, durability and price are not equalled. For sale only by us. Country merchants and others will take notice that we are handling Coffees, Sugars and Meats in large quantities and will made a specialty of them.

ALLISON & ADDISON'S

"STAR BRAND"

COMPLETE MANURE FOR TOBACCO AND WHEAT,

Is the cheapest Fertilizer, according to grade, on the market, and has given almost universal satisfaction. Standard guaranteed. We refer to 1,000 farmers, in this and adjoining counties, who have been and are using it. We also keep fresh ground Plaster and No. 1, Peruvian Guano. Our wheat manure has given better results and more general satisfaction than any Fertilizer ever sold.

All our Seeds are First-Class and there is no better time to sow than in the Fall.

Dried Fruits and all Country Produce taken in exchange for Merchandise.

We invite all to come and examine our Stock and Prices before purchasing. Our salesmen are experienced, attentive and polite.

Respectfully,

August 28, 1879. **HINSHAW BROTHERS.**

The First and Last Prayer.

'Pray for me, mother! pray that no blight
May come on my hopes and prospects bright;
Pray that my days may be long and fair—
Free from the cankering touch of care.
Pray that the laurels I grasp at now
May live ere long around my brow;
And pray that my gentle lady's love
May be fond as the nightingale, true as the dove.'

The mother knelt by her own hearthstone,
With her hand on the head of her only son,
And lifting up her glistening eye
Prayed for all blessings fervently.
And then she took one lock of hair
From his manly forehead, smooth and fair
And he kissed her cheek and left her side
With a bounding step and a smile of pride,

'Pray for me, mother! pray that ere long
My soul may be free as a wild bird's song,
That away on the wings of the wind is driven,
And goes to rest with them in Heaven.
Pray for me, mother!—nay, do not weep!
Thou wast wont to bless my infant sleep:
And bless me now with thy gentle breath,
Ere I sink away in the sleep of death.'

The mother knelt by his side again—
Oh, her first prayer had been all in vain!
His lady love had been false to him—
His fame in slander's breath was dim.
She looked on his altered cheek and eye,
And she felt it was best that he should die;
Then she prayed for his death in his fond despair,
And his soul passed away with that last wild prayer.

FOR THE FARMER'S HOUSEHOLD.

Domestic Hints.

JOHNNY CAKE.—One quart buttermilk, one teacupful flour, two-thirds teacupful molasses, a little salt, one teaspoonful saleratus, one egg, beaten; leave it so thin that it will almost run; bake in a tin. If it is not light, it will be because it is made too thick.

LOAF SEED CAKE.—Take one loaf of dough, one cup of brown sugar, half cup of butter or drippings, half ounce of caraway seeds, or a quarter-pound of currants, a little spice, two eggs; mix thoroughly with the hands and set to rise. Do not bake until real light; bake in a deep tin.

SWEET PICKLES.—Take eight pounds of green tomatoes and chop fine; add four pounds of brown sugar, and boil down three hours; add one quart of vinegar, a teaspoonful each of mace, cinnamon and cloves, and boil about fifteen minutes. Let it cool and put into jars or other vessels.

PUFF PUDDINGS.—Beat three or four eggs very light. It pays to beat the whites separately, and add them the last thing. To the yelks add three cups of sweet milk, a large tablespoonful of melted butter, and three cups of sifted flour. Butter ten teacups, and bake the batter in these. Eat warm with pudding sauce or sweetened cream, maple molasses, or stewed fruit.

CUCUMBER SAUCE.—Cut up the cucumbers into small dice. Sprinkle them lightly with salt, and let them stand a few hours. Pour off all the salt water, and add for each quart half a cupful of white mustard seed, a quarter of a cupful of black mustard seed, and two pods of red pepper, unless you are fortunate enough to be able to procure some of a beautiful tiny variety, when you may add two dozen. Mix well together, put into glass jars, not quite filling the jars, and cover with strong cider vinegar. The next day add one inch more of vinegar, and close tightly.

The 'New Process' Flour.

The so-called 'new process' of grinding wheat, says the *Rural New Yorker*, is one of the most important technical improvements of the present century, inasmuch as it adds at least one dollar to the market value of every barrel of flour manufactured under it, besides producing from every bushel of wheat everal pounds of flour more than can be btained by the ordinary method of grinding. It is claimed that the process is not intrinsically new, but that it has for some time been in use among Scotch, French and German millers, and that the flour of which the celebrated Vienna bread is made, has for a long time been ground in this fashion. But if the process has not been recently invented in this country, great improvements in connection with it have already been made here beyond dispute; an extraordinary amount of attention has been directed to milling operations since its introduction, and there is, therefore, a strong probability that still more valuable improvements will be devised in the near future.

The most suitable kinds of wheat for this process are the hard spring sorts, such as those grown in Minnesota, although all kinds are used with more or less satisfactory results. The cleaning of the wheat before grinding is much more essential than in the ordinary method of milling. For this purpose, the grain before reaching the garners passes through a screen or sieve, a separator, a decorticating machine and a smutter. It is then run through 'French burr' stones with a peculiar 'dress' which is not so sharp as for ordinary grinding. The stones, too, are further apart, the running one being raised more than usual; hence the term 'high grinding' applied to it. This takes off the bran without cutting it up or removing the fuzz from one end of it, and leaves the grain broken up into granules, technically known as 'chop,' commercially known as 'Graham.' This passes directly into a bolting chest furnished with three successive bolting-cloths of different degrees of fineness.

Here the flour is sorted into No. 1 and No. 2 'family' flour, twenty-six per cent. of the produce of the wheat going into the former and thirteen per cent. into the latter, in some of the Eastern mills; but in the West the proportions are generally considerably smaller. The remainder of the 'chop' passes into another bolting chest, where the bran is separated from the 'middlings' and thence the latter pass into the purifier, a machine intended to get rid of all impurities lighter than the farina, by means of a draft of air which lifts them from the sieve. The 'purified middlings' are then reground, and the flour in passing through another set of bolts, yields a certain proportion of new process flour. In some of the Eastern mills this amounts to only thirteen per cent., but in the West, by separating the stones more, as high as sixty per cent. of the wheat can often be made into 'middlings,' from which alone the new process flour is manufactured. In that case, however, the residue is very poor indeed, so that it has been found most profitable to make only thirty per cent. of 'patent' or 'new process' flour, an arrangement that leaves the remainder a fair grade of 'family' flour. After the separation of the new process flour the remainder of the 'chop' is again reground, and the product separated into No. 3 flour, No. 1 feed and a small percentage of screenings and waste.

The patent or new process flour contains an unusually large proportion of the phosphates and nitrogenous portions of the grain, and therefore more nutritious as well as purer, whiter, finer and more valuable than ordinary flour.—Another important advantage of this method of grinding is that it brings to more profitable use the enormous quantity of spring wheat raised in the Northwestern States and Territories, and adds at least ten per cent. to what the value of the crops would be if ground by the ordinary process. Before the introduction of this method these wheats were more or less neglected and depreciated, but now it is found that they make the best quality of flour by the new process. This is therefore a benefit alike to the farmer, the miller and the consumer.

Spreading Manure.

There can be no waste in spreading manure as fast as it is made. There is more danger of waste by keeping it in the yard, exposed to the air and to the washing by frequent rains. From the time that the manure is dropped until it is spread upon the land, it is subject to waste by gradual decomposition. When spread upon land, it loses nothing by decomposition, for the soil absorbs every portion that is liberated by this process, and is washed into the soil by rains.—It is, therefore, advisable to spread manure, if it is needed, upon meadows and plowed ground as it is made, both at this time and during the winter, without fear of loss from evaporation. It has been the practice of good farmers for some years back to keep the manure on the surface, or as near to it as possible, and top dressing is now substituted successfully for plowing in many parts of the country.

Plowing Orchards.

A correspondent of the *Rural World* describes at length his mode of plowing orchards so as to go near the trees without disturbing them. His double or long whiffletree is thirty-four inches in length. Instead of a hole in the center he bores a hole on each side of the center and six inches off from it, making these holes a foot apart and each ten inches from the end. When he wishes to throw the furrow to the right next the line of trees he uses the right hole; with a block of wood two and a-half or three inches thick secured on the upside of the plow beam. But when plowing to the left or away from the tree he reverses the hole and the block. In this way the horse can walk closely to the trees without injury to them. A hay rope tied at the end of the long whiffletree prevents scraping the bark.

Gapes in Chickens.

We have learned to jest at gapes by making free use of camphor. We give to a chicken in a very bad case a pill the size of a garden pea. As soon as we see symptoms of gapes we give the birds water to drink which is strongly impregnated with camphor. The gapes or gaping is caused by the presence of small red worms in the windpipe. No medicine reaches them, unless in the form of vapor. An hour after the chicken has swallowed the pill it smells of camphor. Camphor is a very strong vermifuge, and the worm dies.

On a Colorado Cattle Ranch.

Only the first purpose of the 'round up' has been subserved when the cattle are collected, says a writer in Harper's *Magazine*. Next the cows and calves must be 'cut out,' and we saw the 'cowboys' ride into the herd, single out the cow (with calf following,) and with great skill extricate her from the throng. The young calves are, of course, not yet marked, but the presence of one of with a cow makes it imperative to place that cow's mark on it. Strayed calves, on the other hand (called 'Mauvrics,' from an old Frenchman in Texas who is said to have added largely to his worldly store by a systematic abstraction of these waifs and strays), are sold for the benefit of the associated ranchmen. 'First catch your calf,' as Mr. Glass would say. Perhaps you may think that this is an easy task; but you would find, if you tried tried it, that you were never more mistaken in your life, for the ease with which the rancheros accomplish it has only come with careful training and long practice. The little animal runs wonderfully fast, springs, turns, and dodges almost like a fish; but the cow-boy never takes his eyes off of him, and the trained horse, now well warmed up and entering fully into the spirit of the chase, reponds to, almost seems to anticipate, every turn of his rider's left hand and wrist. Meanwhile the latter with his right arm is swinging his noosed rope, or lasso, and in another minute he has thrown it exactly over the calf's head. Instantly the horse plunges forward, giving 'slack' to the rope, and allowing it to be wound around the horn of the saddle; then he moves on, dragging the calf after him, and the little creature is soon in the hands of the men with the branding-irons. These have been heated in a hot fire, and are quickly applied, and in a few minutes the calf, now indelibly designated as the property of his master, is again running about.

A Fresh Story of Dumas.

Once upon a time when Dumas *pere* was short of cash he wrote to a certain millionarie asking for the loan of some money for a few months. The letter was an extremely characteristic one, and ended with a charming little *rondeau*, half jest, half seriousness. Indeed it was such a clever production that the banker sagely concluded that its author was not to be trusted with money, and promptly and curtly declined to make the proposed investment.

At dinner that night several of the banker's guest happened to be discussing a recent sale of autographs, and mentioned the almost fabulous prices brought by familiar notes of Hugo, Lamartine, Guizot, and Gautier.

'Do you mean to tell me,' said the millionaire, 'that things of that sort have any value—money value?'

'Certainly they have,' replied one of his guests, who was a collector; 'a good autograph such as I have mentioned is worth its weight in bank bills any day.'

'How much is this worth?' said the banker, taken Dumas' letter from his pocket.

'I'll give you a hundred francs for it this instant,' said the collector, with enthusiasm, after reading it.

'Done!' said the banker; and with a pitying smile he pocketed the money for the letter to which a few hours before he had returned a contemptuous refusal.

John Elder & Co., the famous British shipbuilders, have just taken a contract for a million dollar yacht. It is for the emperor of Russia, has been designed by Admiral Popoff, and will replace the Levada, lost off the Crimea last autumn. The czar is represented in the contract by Admiral Lesovsky, the Russian minister of marine. The guaranteed speed is to be fifteen knots, the borse power 10,500, and the length 230 feet, the breadth 153 feet and the depth forty-two feet.

The Reason the English Farmer Fails.

The intelligent and observant English correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun* gives a partial elucidation of the cause of decline of British agriculture, in the following statement of affairs in that country:

It would be difficult to the ordinary untraveled American to understand the every-day life of the Yorkshire farmer or peasant from a point of view which implies 'British intelligence'—one of the boasts of this land. A 'farmer' here, who, I must again say, is not socially regarded as 'an English gentleman,' is a man so entirely different from a similarly situated farmer in America that I know of only one link of comparison between them—*i. e.*, land. They are both occupied in land interests, for few farmers here have what is called 'free land.' Take a farmer with say 200 acres of land here, and let us look at his position and households. He leases his land, perhaps the same lease renewed from one generation to another for centuries, and he manufactures his crops, sometimes after the fashion of his forefathers and sometimes, though seldom, after the present patent modes and manners. As a rule, he prefers to do with his land as his grandfather did, notwithstanding there is not a solitary surrounding association of the venerable old gentleman's time to demand such 'adhesion to the practices of the past.' In his clothes, his horses, his house, and particularly his *dolce far niente*, he has gained on his grandfather's time. I never met a more indolent and growling number of fine, fat and hearty-looking men than these 'farmors.' Until a few months ago their boys went to collegiate schools and some shyly aimed for universities; the girls had an 'academic training,' with that fearful country domestic thing in England called 'a musical education'—the music of the fiends! I regret to say that some even went so far as 'French in six easy lessons,' while all had their saddle horses, pony carriages, archery, and that grassy insanity called 'lawn tennis.' The father hunted, and still hunts, forsooth; and had and still has 'old port' in his cellars. The mother looked coquettishly awkward, and still looks so, in Parisian costumes, and the household library consisted, and still consists, of 'Bell's Life' for the boys, the addled-egg edited 'Whitehall' for the girls, and the 'Guardian' for the mother, while pater went, and yet goes in for the local paper, and had and continues to have decided leanings towards conservative aristocracy, whatever that means! The planting and the reaping—in a word, the farm—was left to a 'head man' who had no head, and to-day the farm is an agricultural fiction without a vine or a fig tree. The boys can tell you all about 'sporting life,' the girls all about Mrs. Langtry's photographs, and the sinister cuts at high life; the mother, aiming to be young again, participates with the daughters in an unparalleled recklessness of slang and mincing of affected 'sentences in affectation foul,' and the father, like a sort of agricultural foundling of the government, sees no help for himself but in parliamentary relief for his farm! Now these are steps in 'the march of progress,' but 'managing the farm,' after the mode of our grandfather's days, and spending our financial capital after the manner of the present day, create the rock on which most modern English farmers split. We might go a step further and behold the career of the boys and the girls. Socially they cannot rank with gentlemen and ladies, and personally they have extravagant ideas, leading toward the coveted zone of England's seventh heaven, 'Lordship's Lane.' Behold the boys, after a brief career of folly, playing their ultimate role in the ranks of the Life Guards; behold the girls, alas, after a more brief period, playing the part of artificially blonde-haired cyprian beauties when Regent street makes night hideous. I am told all this—and more—by the people here themselves, directly and indirectly. I see the outcome daily of such a false life of the modern English farmer. While the living in England—even that solid, heavy living of the British farmer, who is so terribly an animal in his eating—has year by year grown more expensive, and while at every turn he has found himself hemmed around by a cordon of local tariffs of towns and tradespeople more onerous than any experienced in 'customs-protective and tariff-ruled America,' still the British farmer, as a rule, never retrenched and never looked out for the inevitable. The rural varieties, and not the honest industries, of England have been at fault; and though, I repeat, it is folly to proclaim this country as on the stages of national pauperism, as some foreign journals seem to delight in doing, still the hideous extravagance of these people, and neglect of their proper spheres, have brought them before the world as lamentable applicants for relief from their government—parliamentary personal pauper relief! What a sad picture!—The farmer in America would scorn, and under many adverse conditions, did scorn, to parade his poverty. Here, like a whining, overgrown and overfed boy, the British farmer cries out for aid! He has little self-reliance, for the reason that he is in a false position both as a man and as a farmer. He is surrounded in his county towns by an army of messengers, cab drivers, hired servants, waiters, day laborers and toady tradespeople, to do what he could and should do for himself without in the least compromising his respectability.—Extravagance in English living never disappears; it takes new forms. The feudal age of retainers and retinues in all their glory is before us to-day in another guise, and the excess of services prevails in this country to a degree that is simply ridiculous, destroying all reliance on self-power and creating unwarranted expense. I have seen at many an English railway station five or six porters struggling to get priority to carry a light hand valise of a youth of pedestrian and prize-ring muscular power; I have seen ten farm hands engaged in stacking hay that five in America would do better and quicker; I have seen so many endless, unnecessary servants in England, from government offices to chandlers' shops, from hotel to mansion, that I am not amazed at their tumbling over each other in efforts of useful work by the 'not how to do it' system.

Mr. George H. Pendleton's entrance into public life was, he declares, an accident. 'I really loved the profession of the law,' he says, 'and desired to practice it, and if I was to meet with any distinction desired it to be there. It fell into the head of my law preceptor, the late George H. Pugh, to want to be United States Senator, and he asked me to run for the legislature, so as to be a vote there in his favor. I ran and was elected, and Mr. Pugh reached the Senate. I attribute my political career to nothing beyond the desire to gratify Mr. Pugh.'

'Bedad! Look at the baste, wid his two toothpicks stickin' out er his mont!' was how the first sight of the elephant affected Biddy Muldoon.

The Fashions.

Reversible ribbons come in all the new shades.

Costly night dresses have the entire fronts of lace, and are trimmed round the bottom with cambric and lace frills.

New fans are of Persian silk, in cashmere figures and colors, with white ivory sticks painted by hand in colors to match.

The novelties in chair and sofa tidies are made of hand-painted bands of silk alternating with point d'esprit lace and bordered with the same.

Very large rosettes and the large directoire bows, made of Breton or point d'esprit lace, are the new cravat bows just imported from Paris.

Hollow jet beads are sewed on the edges of black satin basques, in a row, just as they have long been used for edging the brims of bonnets.

Jet trimmings, with hollow beads forming fringe, and a wide lace-like heading, are shown at $23 a yard for trimming black satin de Lyon dresses.

Chandon is another name given to the *vieux rouge* which is revived this season under the name of Etna; it is a flame color, neither scarlet nor cherry, but a dull shade between these.

New flat, square-cornered bags and a wide belt are imported in black or blue velvet and in black glove kid. These are in better taste than the showily decorated leather and velvet bags lately used.

A great deal of crinkled thin crape, like that known as English crape, is used in all colors for plaited frills and flounces; it is the color of the dress, with beads of the same shade sewed on the edge. Crepe lisse and net are used in the same way.

Flounces at the bottom of a dress are not flat, but very flaring and full in shell plaits and festoonings, though they are not deep, as they are only meant for bordering the skirt; still, in the narrowest flounces two fabrics—the plain and the brocade—are used.

The soft belt is the name given to what is really a sash of pliable ribbon, usually in stripes of two contrasting colors. It is worn tied around the waist in soft negligent folds, and has a bow with ends on the left side. Sometimes it begins in the under-arm seams, and is only in the front.

The *Bazar* says: A dress made entirely of one material is never seen now-a-days, but the combination of two or three fabrics in one dress is differently arranged from the 'patchy' make-up of last season. Now, as a general rule, the waist, panters and part of the train, if not all, are of figured goods, while plain material is used for the petticoat and apron drapery, and for the very narrow plaitings that edge trains and form their only flounces. In some cases, however, the principal part of the skirt and its draperies is plain, while the bodice and the borders or trimmings of the skirt are figured.

She Carried her Point.

The other day, as Conductor Minot, of the Pan-Handle, was leaving Indianapolis on his trip East, he found a female passenger who had a ticket to Dayton, via the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton. He explained that she was on the wrong train, that her ticket was not good, and that she could leave the train at Irvington and wait for the train on the other road, or he would send her back to the Union depot, where she could wait the train on the other line over which she was ticketed. The woman seemed to understand the explanation, but as soon as Minot had left her, an old lady occupying the seat in front of her said:

'These railroads are colleagued together, and their tickets are good on any road. That is just a trick of the conductor to get money out of you and steal it from the company. This road goes to Dayton, and if I were you, I would sit right here.'

When Minot returned, the woman could not be made to understand why her ticket was not good on any road running to Dayton, and, in spite of the patient and polite explanation of the conductor, she persisted in not understanding it.

Finally a kind-hearted Hebrew, who was seated opposite, thinking to relieve the embarrassing position of the woman, offered to take her ticket and pay her fare to Richmond, over half the distance to Dayton. She accepted, passed her ticket over to him, and paid her fare to Richmond. Then she quieted down until Minot came through the car, when she asked:

'Isn't this ticket worth more than a fare to Richmond?'

'Certainly; worth a third more,' was the reply.

'Well, I ain't going to be swindled in that way, and I want my money back.'

'I have nothing to do with that,' replied Minot, 'you sold your ticket; your fare has been paid to Richmond, and I cannot aid you.'

Then she went for the Hebrew, accused him of being a swindler, and he finally told her that all he wanted was his money, and she could have her ticket. Minot came back and she called him again and said:

'Give that man his money back so I can get my ticket, and I will leave this road, which is run by swindlers.'

'Upon your agreement to leave the train I will do it,' said he, 'and send you back to Indianapolis.'

He then gave the money back, and the ticket was returned. Presently the train stopped at Cumberland and the conductor asked her to get off.

'I changed my mind,' was her answer.

'Then you must pay your fare.'

'Pay my fare, you swindler! Why I can prove by every one in the car that you said my fare was paid.'

'Of course I did, but I gave the money back.'

'Yes, you gave it to the Jew. You don't pretend that you gave it to me. You want to rob me, but I won't allow it. I am on this train to Richmond, and I intend to do it,' and she did. Minot is consulting a lawyer on the case.

Enoch Arden in Real Life.

The villagers in Fowler, Indiana, have a subject for gossip in the unexpected return of John Morningstar, who enlisted for the war, and was supposed to be dead. He was separated from his regiment in consequence of being wounded, and he went to California. After many years of unrewarded toil, he at last struck a bonanza and became wealthy. When he went to the war he left a wife and an infant. The wife, after waiting four years, married a poor man, thinking she was a widow. The daughter, now a woman grown, has been employed as a servant girl in the families of friends. The husband had frequently written to his wife, but as she had changed her residence as well as her name, the letters never reached her, and the return of her long missing husband has placed her in a peculiar position.—Her second marriage being illegal, she is expected to return to her first love.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

Assault cell-er—The policeman.

Cotton is coming in twice as fast as last year at New Orleans.

The railroads are bringing in great quantities of game—especially euhre.

Man wants but little here below, and he can get that quickest by advertising.

One touch of nature: When you get your nose frost-bitten.

It is no sign because a farmer is growing sage that he is becoming wise.

It is easy to find out what a worm can do. The whole thing is in a nut shell.

People frequently say An-apple-is Maryland, but they grow almost everywhere.

A New York nicknamed his gadding wife 'Misery,' because she loves company.

It was the condemned murderer, just reprieved, who was the author of the remark, 'No noose is good news.'

As a fashion item it is not worth noting that the Quakers are wearing hats with broad brims this season.

It is easier to tie a knot in a cow's horn than to make your wife believe that every other night is lodge night.

'Whom can we trust?' is the black type inquiry of an exchange. It is of no consequence. 'Whom can we induce to trust us?' is the soul agonizer.

It is now fifteen years since the war closed, but it is very remarkable how a hand-organ can keep maimed soldiers looking so young.

The time is coming when a buffalo robe will cover two hearts that beat as one. And four soles with but a single thought, to wit: How cold!

A man may be too near-sighted to recognize a friend on the street, but at the same time, it is impossible to palm off a twenty-cent silver piece on him for a quarter.

It is so in politics, business and everywhere else in life. The man whom you boost up the tree not only forgets to toss you down some of the fruit, but is as likely as not to pelt you with the chawings.

Arabella (on her toes in a chair clutching convulsively at her skirts)—'Oh, Bridget! a mouse! a mouse! Come and catch it, quick.' Bridget—'Sare, mum, there's no hurry. If this one gets away, I can catch plenty more for yer, mum.'

About this season the housewife makes a batch of bread and leaves it over night on the hearth to rise, and when she finds in the morning that it hasn't risen, it isn't to be wondered at that she doesn't know that the cat slept on it, and so goes and tells the flour dealer that his flour was poor.

First senior: 'I don't know what is the trouble, but every evening after I go out to call, my knee is so lame I can hardly walk home. It must be rheumatism.' Second senior: 'You ought to change knees occasionally.' First student: 'What? Change'— then, as a thought strikes him. 'Oh, hum, yes. Let's take suthin.'

Large public meetings have been held on Vancouver's Island and on the mainland of British Columbia, at which resolutions were passed and petitions adopted to Sir John A. Macdonald, premier of the Dominion government, protesting against the employment of Chinese labor in the construction of the Canada Pacific railway.

A separation by mutual consent has been decreed between Mrs. Scott-Siddons and her husband during her summer sojourn in England. It has been a very painful trial to Mrs. Scott-Siddons, but the sympathy with which she has been followed will be sure to recognize the inevitable character of this step, the result of the debasement through his own social impulses of a once bright and kindly nature. Mrs Siddons begins life over again with a largely reduced fortune, but with a brave heart and talents ripened by growth and culture.

Gems from 'Don Quixot.'

Beauty in a modest woman is like a fire or sword at a distance; neither doth the one burn nor the other wound those that come not to close to them.

Keep your mouth shut and your eyes open.

The absent feel and fear every ill.

Self-praise depreciates.

The dead to the bier, and the living to good cheer.

All woman, let them be ever so homely, are pleased to hear themselves celebrated for their beauty.

Squires and knights errant are subject to much hunger and ill-luck.

Liberality may be carried too far in those who have children to inherit from them.

Virtue is always more persecuted by the wicked than beloved by the righteous.

Every one is the son of his own works.

Honey is not for the mouth of an ass.

No padlock, bolts, or bars can secure a maiden so well as her own reserve.

Wit and humor belong to genius alone.

The wittiest person in a comedy is he who plays the fool.

There is no book so bad that something good may not be found in it.

We are all as God made us, and oftentimes a great deal worse.

Let the hen live, though it be with a pip.

We cannot all be friars, and various are the paths by which God conducts the good to Heaven.

Covetousness bursts the bag.

It is easy to undertake, but more difficult to finish a thing.

This term is equally applicable to all ranks: whoever is ignorant is vulgar.

By the streets of 'By-and-by' one arrives at the house of 'Never.'

Between the yes and no of a woman I would not undertake to thrust the point of a pin.

Patience and shuffle the cards.

A soldier had better smell of gunpowder than musk.

Other men's wants are easily borne.

A bad clock covers a good driuker.

Pray devoutly and hammer in stoutly.

When a thing is once begun it is almost half finished.

Lay a bridge of silver for a flying enemy.

The jest that gives pain is no jest.

The Venomous Breath of Malaria

Does not infect the systems of those who use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters as a precaution against it. Nor is it less useful as a remedy where intermittent fever has fully established itself, in consequence of a neglect of preventive measures. It checks the paroxysms with astonishing certainty, and eradicates the type of disease, even in its most inveterate form. This medicine is an especial boon to the emigrant population of the far West, where fevers of a malarial type are particularly prevalent, but the recognition of its merits is so far from being limited, that it is known and appraised at its true value throughout the length and breadth of America. Travelers by land and sea, miners and sojourners in unhealthy localities, esteem it highly, and are its most constant purchasers, and in many a rural household far and wide it is the chosen family specific.

An Ingenious Swindle.

A novel system of swindling has just been introduced in New Orleans. A man calls at the shops of the feather dealers and asks for three boxes of feathers of a certain style, precisely like the sample he brings with him. The merchant, not having the goods, promises to procure them. The man departs, leaving the card and address of some well-known establishment. The next day a person calls and offers for sale, by a singular coincidence, the very article required. The price asked is high, but the merchant pays it, knowing that he has a customer for the goods. Then he sends the feathers to the address furnished, only to discover that no such order has been sent, the pretended buyer being a confederate of the feather peddler.

General Bull, Robert Bucknell and George Nichols were gored to death by an elk at Bull's City, Kansas. The elk was the property of General Bull, and was ranging in his beautiful park, where the visitors were accustomed to stroll.

Dr. James Corrie, Dentist in Baltimore writes: 'I have used Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup personally and in my family for two or three years, and am prepared to say that there is nothing to compare to it as a remedy for Coughs, Colds, etc.

Last year every female was crazy for a pair of sixteen-button kid gloves. This year all are satisfied with two button kids if they can only have the widest surcingle ever worn by horse or woman.

An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure. A dose of Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup will assist your Baby in teething, and prevent it from being attacked by Cholera Infantum, Colic or other diseases with which Babies suffer.

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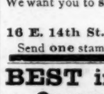

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Dr. Clark Johnson having associated himself with Mr. Edwin Eastman, an escaped captive, long a slave to Wakametkla, the medicine man of the Comanches, is now prepared to lend his aid in the introduction of the wonderful remedy of that tribe.

The experience of Mr. Eastman being similar to that of Mrs. Chas. Jones and son, of Washington Co., Iowa, an account of whose sufferings were thrillingly narrated in the *New York Herald* of Dec. 15th, 1878, the facts of which are so widely known, and so nearly parallel, that but little mention of Mr. Eastman's experiences will be given here. They are, however, published in a neat volume of 300 pages, entitled, "Seven and Nine Years Among the Comanches and Apaches," of which mention will be made hereafter. Suffice it to say, that for several years, Mr. Eastman, while a captive, was compelled to gather the roots, gums, barks, herbs and berries of which Wakametkla's medicine was made, and is still prepared to provide the SAME materials for the successful introduction of the medicine to the world; and assures the public that the remedy is the same now as when Wakametkla compelled him to make it.

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Nothing has been added to the medicine and nothing has been taken away. It is without doubt the BEST PURIFIER of the BLOOD and RENEWER of the SYSTEM ever known to man.

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It neutralizes the hereditary taint, or poison in the blood, which generates Scrofula, Erysipelas, and all manner of skin diseases and internal humors.

There are no spirits employed in its manufacture, and it can be taken by the most delicate babe, or by the aged and feeble, *care only being required in attention to directions.*

Edwin Eastman in Indian Costume.

SEVEN AND NINE YEARS AMONG THE COMANCHES AND APACHES. A neat volume of 300 pages, being a simple statement of the horrible facts connected with the sad massacre of a helpless family, and the captivity, tortures and ultimate escape of its two surviving members. For sale by our agents generally. Price $1.60.

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Mr. Eastman, being almost constantly at the West, engaged in gathering and curing the materials of which the medicine is composed, the sole business management devolves upon Dr. Johnson, and the remedy has been called, and is known as

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Dear Sir:—I have used the Indian Blood Syrup which I purchased from your Agent, W. B. Wingate, and think it a serviceable medicine; its effect on the Liver, Blood, and other ways I have had occasion to use, have been fully up to the claims of its Agent; and cheerfully recommend it to the people of this vicinity. E. E. Gill, Magistrate.

An Excellent Medicine.

Prestonville, Stokes Co., N. C., Jan. 1, 1879.

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